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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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SEPTEMBER 16, 1953

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## The Defence of Western Europe

By Drew Middleton

The world's most seething melting pot, where aims, plans and ideas change from week to week, is a fitting problem for this experienced observer's analysis. Objective and comprehensive, this is a valuable record of conditions as they are—and an interesting speculation on what they may be.

18/9  
From all Booksellers

# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

SEPTEMBER 16, 1953

Vol. 21, No. 16

## THE HOPE OF THE FUTURE

CHILDREN were Australia's most valuable raw material, said the Governor-General, Sir William Slim, at a recent Legacy Week opening.

*There is nothing new in Sir William's reminder. In fact, it belongs in the category of truisms so obvious that they are sometimes overlooked.*

Of course, children are Australia's best potential. They are the country's best investment and a token of faith and hope of the nation's future as well.

"Make the world safe for our children" used to be urged. But if the present adult generation makes the world safe for itself it automatically makes the world safe for its children.

If this is admitted, the conclusion is that the present and therefore the future of the nation is dependent to a staggering extent on the well-being and welfare of Australian mothers.

*In the past quarter-century Governments have shown by welfare measures their awareness of this fact.*

They are beginning to acknowledge that even the best is only just good enough for the woman who gives hostages to the nation's future. But Governments need to be kept up to the mark.

Sir William's reminder will not go amiss today when the cry "populate or perish" is as urgent as when it was first made.

Better than the best of all possible migrants in this country of rich promise are the people who, if their parents secure it, will inherit it. They are the children born and reared in Australia.

### Our cover:

On the cover are two clean-cut dresses to keep you cool in town and at work. Both dresses are designed for maximum comfort during summer weather. On page 34 Betty Kepp tells you how to obtain paper patterns for them. On pages 32 and 33 you will find, illustrated in color, seven other fashions you can make yourself, along with instructions on how to obtain the necessary patterns. Page 37 carries our regular Fashion Patterns.

### This week:

Dorothy Drain's column, "It Seems To Me," is missing from this week's paper and will be for the next three issues as she is on leave.

On pages 12 and 13 are reproduced eight portraits of women taken 80 years ago in Sydney by Freeman and Co. Ltd. Freemanns dug out an illuminated card from their files to show the way advertising used to be done in the spacious days of Queen Victoria. The card, "soliciting the honor of a visit of inspection" to the firm's new premises, explained that these premises comprised "a Double Studio with complete suite of rooms adjoining, the whole of which are on the First Floor, thus avoiding all exertion to sitters beyond the easy mounting of one easy flight of stairs.

"The Enlarging, Printing, and Finishing Rooms are the most extensive in the colonies," the copy-writer went on, "so that, excepting unusually bad weather, all excuses for delay in executing orders are now happily at an end."

### Next week:

One of our color features next week is devoted to Tasmania, which this month begins celebrating the 150th anniversary of the first settlement there. The island State is rich in historical associations as well as both natural and man-made beauty, and many of its convict-built landmarks have long been favorite subjects for artists and photographers. Our color cameras pay glowing tribute to Tasmania's picturesque attractions.

## Reminiscences of a famous French authoress

Book review by  
AINSLIE BAKER

NOT to know Colette is a literary loss of the greatest magnitude.

The most enchanting possible means of making the acquaintance of this great French writer offers itself in the volume of autobiographical reminiscences entitled "My Mother's House," and issued by her English publishers in honor of Colette's eightieth birthday, this year.

The rules of the French Academy do not permit a woman being admitted to the supreme honor of membership. Otherwise it seems certain that Colette would already be one of its "immortals."

However, as a Commandant of the Legion of Honor, Colette already holds France's second-highest literary distinction.

In underlining her heritage from her adorable mother, the beloved "Sido," "My Mother's House" is extraordinarily interesting in that it provides a key to Colette's whole character.

There is no need to look further than "Sido" the mother living in her provincial village, to whom Colette wrote every day from Paris. All her life Colette (her Christian name is Sidonie-Gabrielle and her maiden name Colette) has provoked outraged comment, and most of her life she has been the centre of storm and controversy.

Three times married, Colette, as a young woman, was a member of the Toulouse-Lautrec set of Bohemians whose head-

quarters was the Moulin Rouge. Later, as an actress and dancer, her performances were objected to by the police. She did not begin serious writing until the age of 40.

Her friendships and love affairs, even into old age, continued to shock Paris.

This is the woman who is the author of the exquisite childhood reminiscences that are now published as an English tribute to her eightieth birthday.

Apart from the delicate and minutely detailed picture we are given of Colette's happy childhood home with its flowers, animals, affection, and fascinating children, we meet Colette's own daughter, Bel-Gazou, the child of her second marriage to Henry de Jouvenel.

An outlandish and fascinating fact related here (I think for the first time) is that Colette had a quadroon grandfather. He is the father in the story entitled "My Father's Daughter."

Today, crippled with arthritis, her fuzzy mop of hair tinted pink-blond, and a sable rug over her knees, Colette receives France's intellectuals in her scarlet-walled room in a high Paris apartment.

Colette has 50 published books to her credit. One of them, "La Vagabonde," is accepted as one of the 12 best French novels of the century.

Published by Secker and Warburg. Our copy from Grahame Book Company, Sydney.

Beware of  
"dry skin"—  
it adds years  
to your  
real age!

Drying skin often begins to show after 25, because the natural oil that keeps skin soft and fresh starts decreasing.

But in Australia, many young women show signs of ageing skin in their early twenties. Our severe climate can make you look as many as ten years older than your real age.

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**Both men were very wide of the mark when they began speculating on . . .**

# THE GIRL AT TABLE SIX

FROM the very beginning she puzzled and attracted me.

The first time I saw her she was crossing the foyer of the restaurant. It was after two o'clock, which is late for a luncheon guest, even at Kell's. She seemed deliberate and unhurried, with the self-possession of a woman twice her age. She was, I judged, on the nice side of thirty.

Her hair was the color of cinnamon. Her eyes were large and handsome, brown as grilled mushrooms. Her complexion was particularly appetising, like thick, white cream.

She was tall. As I greeted her I observed her eyes were level with mine. Like a detective, a competent waiter must notice the eyes. They are the only sure index to the identity of patrons. Faces fill out, or shrink, or sag into double chins. The eyes alone are unchanged.

"Good afternoon, madam," I said. "You are expecting someone, perhaps?"

"Oh no," she smiled. "I'm quite alone."

"This way, if you please, madam."

I led her to table six beside the panelled wall and motioned to Gregory to bring ice water and remove the extra setting. While pulling out her chair I noticed that her golden-brown suit matched the sunshine and autumn foliage outside.

As I turned away, two of our regular patrons signalled to me from their corner table, where they were dawdling over the last of their lunch.

"Who's the girl?" demanded Mr. Correy, the younger, unmarried, and better-looking half of the pair.

"I don't know. I never saw her before, sir."

"To keep as slim as she is, a woman has to be careful," re-

marked Mr. Bolton, who has a dusting of grey in his hair. "I think their diets are the reason why women are so mean."

"That girl doesn't have to diet," returned Mr. Correy. "A shape like hers is a gift from heaven."

The other laughed at him. "Don't be so naive, young fellow. After you're married you'll discover that your wife is more interested in the bathroom scales than she is in you."

"Gentlemen," I volunteered, "for your information, the young lady wears no rings on either hand."

"I knew it," boasted Mr. Correy. "She doesn't look harassed. Just hungry."

"Even if she's starving," said Mr. Bolton, "she will eat a salad, one slice of toasted whole wheat bread without butter, and a glass of skim milk."

"As usual, Henry, you're entirely mistaken," replied Mr. Correy. "I'll tell you all about her: She's late from shopping. A hungry girl wants meat. I believe she will choose an entree—perhaps the sweetbreads."

"I say no meat. For the check and tip."

"A wager," agreed Mr. Correy.

Both men fancy themselves as shrewd judges of food and people. Betting on what other guests will eat is a game they play in Kell's. "Sebastian!" Mr. Correy turned suddenly to me.

"Sir?"

"Can't you find out what she's ordered? I must be getting back to the office." He'd been at the table for more than two hours.

So I followed Gregory to the kitchen. When I returned they were arguing. "Chicken is meat," Mr. Correy insisted.

"Oh, no. If she's ordered chicken I shall refuse to pay."

"Gentlemen," I broke in, "the

young lady ordered grilled steak."

"Thanks for the lunch, Henry," said Mr. Correy triumphantly. "Some day you really must let me pay."

Mr. Bolton turned to me: "I can scarcely believe you, Sebastian."

"She has a healthy appetite," remarked Mr. Correy. "What else did she want?"

"Baked potato, plain salad with French dressing, and Welsh rarebit."

Mr. Correy nodded his approval. "A very intelligent selection. I believe I'll meet this handsome carnivore."

"I'm betting that you don't meet her within two weeks," Mr. Bolton spoke promptly.

"Wager. Sebastian is a witness," Mr. Correy looked at his watch. "It's five to three. I'll meet her and arrange to take her out within one week."

There was a foxlike expression on Mr. Bolton's face. "Taking her out won't be so easy. She's attractive enough so you'll have real competition."

"What of it?" asked Mr. Correy carelessly. "I've dated them after they were engaged." Then he added he really must get back to work.

He had hardly gone when a boy hurried in to say that Mr. Correy was in the bar and wished to speak to me at once. Mr. Correy offered me half of his expected winnings, provided I arranged an introduction for him.

"It's impossible, Mr. Correy. Our manager, Mr. Hanlon, would never allow a waiter to introduce one guest to another."

"All right. No harm in asking. What's she like, close up?"

"A low-pitched voice and a pleasant manner. Those two things

*"Oh, doesn't that look good!"*  
Miss Piatt exclaimed, fondly eyeing the hind of beef.

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**BY GEORGE BROOKS**

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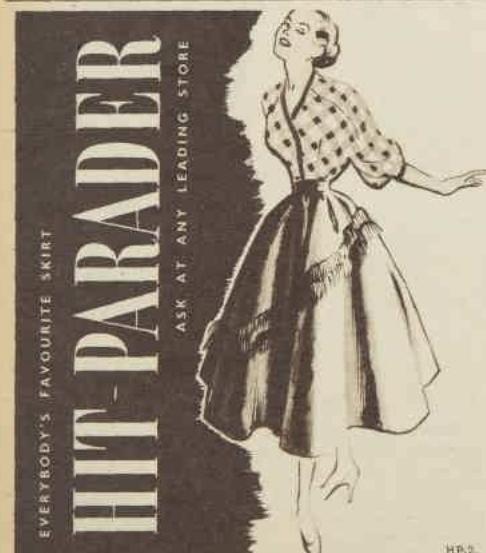
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Page 4

Concluding our intriguing mystery serial

BY HELEN MACE

# MURDER among those present

**V**IN drove me home at last, but although I was stiff and aching from the day in the saddle, I had reluctantly given up all hope of a bath. The chip heater on which we depended for our hot water was a temperamental brute that shook the whole house when it was going full blast, and Ailsa flatly refused to let me light it, pretending that only she or John was capable of coping with it.

As they liked to go to bed early on Sunday evenings, I guessed that I would arrive home to find the house in darkness, and, in that case, I would not have the temerity to struggle with the heater, even if John had remembered to cut any wood.

I was pleasantly surprised, therefore, to see a glimmer of light coming from the kitchen, and, as I came in, John uncoiled himself from the old rocking-chair near the stove.

"Thought you might be glad of a bath," he explained. "I'll get it going for you before I go to bed."

I nearly fell on his neck. "John, you're an angel straight from Heaven and I adore you," I assured him fervently. I didn't care whether Ailsa heard me or not.

The rather primitive bathroom was built on to the back of the house next to my room. It was an obvious addition to the original house and was inclined to be cold and draughty, but, as I relaxed and soaked my bruised and aching body in the steaming water, I found it as beautiful and luxurious as the most expensive tiled and marbled bathroom of any mansion.

I lay down, abandoning myself to the sensuous pleasure of warmth and comfort. Slowly my tired muscles relaxed. The outlines of the room blurred and faded. I slept.

I was awakened by the barking of the dog in the yard and sat up with a jerk. I had evidently been dozing for some little time, for the water had cooled considerably and I felt chilled. A vigorous towelling restored my circulation and I hastily donned pyjamas and dressing-gown. Mickey had stopped barking and was growling deep in his throat. I heard John come out and speak to him sharply, but he continued to growl unperceived.

"All right, confound you. I'll take a look around just to satisfy you," said John good-humoredly, "but if you've got me out of bed to chase cats, heaven help you!"

He stepped out into the yard, torch in hand, just as I opened the bathroom door. Suddenly he gave a startled exclamation and began to run towards the back of the yard. In the wavering torchlight, I glimpsed a dark figure as it scaled the back fence and disappeared into the blackness of the night. John, clad only in pyjamas and slippers, attempted to give chase, but soon abandoned it.

"Lost the beggar," he grunted. "Don't know how he got away so quickly. There wasn't a sign of him when I got over the fence. Anyway, I've scared him off, whoever he was. You'd better get to bed, Noel, and lock your door. I don't imagine he'll come back, but you'd be foolish to take any risks."

He turned to reassure a jittery Ailsa, who was firmly convinced that the maniac

killer of Sutton was going to murder us all in our beds. Feeling in no mood for her hysterics, I took John's advice and got into bed. Contrary to all expectations, I forgot all about murderers and their victims as I drifted into the heavy sleep of complete exhaustion.

I awoke only partially refreshed and dragged myself out of bed, cursing Monday morning and all it represented. The beauty of the morning failed to move me, and I set off for school with a guilty lack of enthusiasm. The din from the playground swelled as I approached, and I closed my eyes as a sudden pain shot through my head. My room, when I entered it, seemed drab and colorless and I hastily set monitors to work dusting and arranging the flowers that children had brought.

Monday morning was always a busy one, and I knew I would have to hurry to complete the preparation for the day's work before the bell rang.

I was rather uncomfortably preparing my blackboard for the first lessons when I heard a heavy step behind me and a voice I cordially disliked boomed, "Good morning, Miss Vicary. Good morning." I turned, aghast, striving to summon a smile to greet Mr. Osborne, the district inspector, who was beaming at me with spurious good humor.

"Of all days in the year to have annual inspection," I thought disgustedly. "And why did it have to be Osborne? If only Davis had come this year. He's hard, but he is fair!"

Annual inspection was our greatest ordeal. Most of the inspectors were just and competent men, thoroughly versed in their work, genuinely interested in the children and anxious to help the teachers, but even they were quick to notice any weakness in our work, and we found their attentions trying.

When we were unfortunate enough to get anyone like Osborne, matters were far worse. He was disliked throughout the entire Department, and we all wondered how he had managed to obtain his promotion some years before. Vain and self-satisfied, he was determined to sweep cleaner than any new broom had ever swept before, and his inspections were a nightmare for teachers and children alike.

He usually started with an air of extreme good nature and ended by reducing children and sometimes teachers to tears. His own dignity was the most important matter in his eyes and the quality of a teacher's work counted for far less than the obsequiousness with which he was treated by her and her class.

For those who could bend the knee abjectly enough there was always a good report, but I despised him and could never bring myself to fawn on him sufficiently to suit him. I had never been able to decide whether I disliked him more when he was being falsely jovial or when he was breathing fire and thunder.

At the moment he was all amiability. "I'll just have time to look over your programme and records before the bell," he said, and I obediently drew them from my drawer and spread them on the table before him. As I did so, a ray of sunshine caught my engagement ring and



drew sparks of brilliance from the stones. It did not escape Osborne's sharp eyes.

"Well, well," he said genially, picking up my hand and studying the ring. "What does this mean, eh? This is new, isn't it?"

I pulled my hand away, chiding myself for not having hidden the ring, for one of Osborne's pet theories was that teachers did not work well in a town where they had any emotional entanglements. It never seemed to occur to him that the strain of separation from our loved ones might have an equally bad effect on our work.

"Who is the fortunate young man?" he purred. "Someone in Sutton or a fellow-teacher?"

I told him shortly and was relieved when the bell saved me from further discussion. I could only hope that the children would do their best work and prove to him that my engagement had not had any detrimental effect on my teaching ability.

In the playground I saw Ann in the clutches of the infant inspectress and grimaced at her across the children's heads. Osborne moved over to speak to



Sylvia, and I smiled grimly to myself as I saw the humility with which she greeted him. As she was resigning at the end of the year, the results of inspection could not affect her, but the habit of servility was too strong for her to break it now.

Mr. Marsh took the assembly with his usual cheerful competence. Creatures like Osborne worried him not at all. He knew his work was good and retained his self-respect in all circumstances.

For the first part of the morning Mr. Osborne spent his time with the upper grades, and then he descended on me. "Now, Miss Vicary, we have a lot to get through in a little time, so we must work quickly. I'll give dictation first."

He rattled off a paragraph at a speed that suggested that he was testing a shorthand class, and the children, frantic in their efforts to keep up with him, scribbled wildly. Mental arithmetic at a similar pace followed. The children were bewildered and hopelessly muddled, so that their results were far below my

normal examination average, but I knew it was useless to protest.

"Speed and efficiency," burbled Osborne happily. "That's what you must aim at, Miss Vicary. Speed and efficiency." It was one of his stock remarks, and I received it in silence.

There was a general sigh of relief from the class when the bell rang for recess. After we had taken physical drill in the yard, I hoped that Osborne would return to the senior classes and give me a brief respite, but he followed me back into the classroom and set the children a writing exercise.

As one of the first things we had been taught during our training days was to plan our time-tables so that the children would not be expected to write while their muscles were still quivering after physical exercise, I regarded this move with indignation and suspicion, but I was determined that nothing Osborne could do would provoke me into the foolishness of argument with him.

*"I didn't tell lies, Miss Vicary," the boy insisted, his grief giving way to a sense of injustice.*

Writing was followed by reading. This was a subject which caused me no apprehension, as the majority of the children read well and they were obviously determined to do their best. As child after child rose, read their paragraph effortlessly, and sat down again, I relaxed a little. Mr. Osborne was looking quite amiable, and even unbent sufficiently to compliment one or two of the pupils. I felt that, if things went as smoothly as this for the rest of the day, all might yet be well.

Unfortunately, it was a large class, and Osborne, who was nothing if not thorough, seemed to have determined to hear every child read, so that, when the bell rang for dinner, there were still some children unheard. He looked up with a frown.

"I did want to finish this before lunch," he said irritably. "I'm afraid we'll have to carry on for a while."

There was a murmur of disgust

from the class. Like all healthy youngsters, they were hungry, and they had had quite enough of inspectors for one morning. Osborne turned to them with a conciliatory smile.

"I'm sure the children won't mind staying with me for a little longer. Hands up those who want their dinner."

Knowing what was expected of them, the children kept their hands on their desks, although their expressions plainly showed their resentment. Mr. Osborne beamed at the arms meekly folded on the desks and then he became aware of one lone arm waving wildly at the back of the room.

I, too, had seen that rebel arm, and my heart sank. It belonged to my most difficult pupil, Dan Bourke, a wild young rascal who was constantly in trouble. His father was the town's black sheep and had handed on to his son his own bitter

contempt for any form of authority. I signalled to Dan to put his hand down, but it was too late.

"Come, come, my little man," said Osborne with false jocularity, "surely you're not hungry?"

Dan looked at him with undisguised ferocity, then succinctly he announced that he was starving, coloring the statement with a couple of his father's choicest oaths.

There was an empty silence. Then breaths, which had been caught in horror, were released with a whispering sigh. Pressing my twitching lips together, I stole a look at Osborne. He had gone crimson and his eyes protruded like a toad's. For a moment he was bereft of speech. Then, in freezing tones, "You may dismiss the class, Miss Vicary."

I knew that it would be hopeless to expect a good report after that episode. Danny's outburst would certainly be credited not to his unfortunate home life but to lack of efficient discipline on my part. Mr.

To page 50

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## the miracle of sight...

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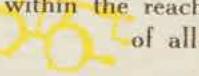
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# Best-hated man in town

By JOAN VATSEK

ILLUSTRATED BY HEDSTROM



**D**ID you ever (asked Old Man Whittaker, who owns the Commercial Hotel) meet a man who could get your temper up the minute he opened his mouth? George Bannister was like that. Six months after he moved here he was the best-hated man in town.

We often wondered what made George pick our town to retire in. Couldn't have been because he liked it; he didn't have a good word to say for it. Tall, thin, stooping, with a dry, rasping voice just like a rusty file, he criticised just about everything in sight. First it was our roads and pavements, then our old, covered bridge.

We were proud of that covered bridge—it was the last one in the State. But George said we kept the roof over it to hide the gaps between the planks. Said he'd have thought the women at least would have more sense than to let the children cross it on their way to school, there being a fifty-foot drop down to the river bed.

After he'd been making remarks about the old bridge for six months—like saying that we might be able to sell it to the Army for an obstacle course, or that he'd seen two goats start to cross it and turn back because they'd lost their nerve—the local Council got properly angry.

We tore the old bridge down and put up a new one, solid and made to last, with a footpath for the children, who had to cross it to get to school.

If you think that shut George up, you're mistaken. All he said was that it was too bad. Now that we had a bridge with no roof, you could look over the side of the bridge and see how dirty the river was,

filled with all the refuse from the chemical plant above town.

George said we should have kept the old covered bridge after all—being all shut up and closed in, you weren't choked with the smell of chemicals when you crossed the river.

"Should've done it years ago," was all George Bannister said.

Next day he went into Joe Thompson's greengrocer's shop and told him he ought to open a stand to sell oranges near the new bridge. In Shakespeare's time, George said, that was the sixteenth century—ladies and gentlemen used to buy oranges and lemons to suck and sniff at as they drove through London to keep from choking with the smell of the gutters. Think of it, he said, four hundred years ago all of London used to smell as bad as our river section.

Joe was so angry he told all the town what George had said. So when George showed up, walking down our main street sucking an orange, everybody knew what he meant, all right.

It made quite a little sensation in the town, though. People stopped to stare, until presently quite a little crowd had gathered, all staring at George sucking his orange.

If George was aware of them, he gave no sign, just walked steadily on, ignoring them and sucking at his orange. But there were some casual passers-by in town that day. They asked about it all, and so the story spread further and further satisfied with the answer.

He'd been thinking the school ought to be replaced, he said, but on second thought he'd realised that would probably cost far too much. After all, the rest of us who'd lived in the town all our lives probably knew our own children best, and if we considered they were too stupid to be worth educating properly, who was he to dispute our opinion?

Why not close all the schools down completely and save even more money? Probably, he added, when the kids grew up nobody would ever notice the difference anyway.

A lot of people had shares in that chemical plant. They'd never been too interested in its working, though, except for receiving dividends regularly.

Well, they appointed a committee. The committee read up on chemical disposal and went snooping around the plant, and after a lot of argument the company put in a brand-

new pipeline. The change cut into the dividends for that year, but when it was finished we had a clean, frothing river.

"Should've done it years ago," was all George Bannister said.

He was a born grumbler. Nothing suited him. Next thing we knew he was going around asking questions about one of the local schools. The school was old—everybody admitted it—and it was a bit crowded, but it was quite a landmark.

It was built on a slope, so some temporary accommodation had been fixed up underneath it for the youngest children. Was that so the youngest ones could get outside quickest when the old place caved in, George wanted to know, or was it because the little ones had so much fun making pets of all the rats and mice down there?

Somebody told him it was because that part was always under water if the river flooded, and the little ones dismissed then. George nodded at that, said he was perfectly satisfied with the answer.

He'd been thinking the school ought to be replaced, he said, but on second thought he'd realised that would probably cost far too much.

After all, the rest of us who'd lived in the town all our lives probably knew our own children best, and if we considered they were too stupid to be worth educating properly, who was he to dispute our opinion?

"Dying?" Joe Thompson scoffed. "Why, you're no sicker than I am. Never looked better."

"Don't tell me you're sorry to lose me," George said. "I'm just saving you the trouble of running me out of town some day."

Joe turned red. "All right!" he yelled. "Go ahead and die if you want to!"

So George obliged us. He died that night.

There was a big crowd at the funeral. It was an odd sort of a funeral—people couldn't decide whether they should look glad or sorry, and the minister didn't make the usual remarks—just rest in peace, and so on. Even that sounded queer, because he couldn't imagine George resting.

in a way that sounded funny to outsiders, and the city paper used to run an interview with George every so often whenever news was

every so

# Dear Ellen



By CONSTANCE WYNN

Miss Ellen Heatherfield, c/o Hudson's Magazine, New York, N.Y.

Dear Miss Heatherfield: I hope you don't mind my writing to you just because we have the same name. I saw your story in Hudson's and liked it a lot. In fact, so much that I told a lie and now I'm in a jam and have to ask a favor. I'm squirming with embarrassment—or would be if I could squirm in this cast.

When the magazine came last week some of the fellows asked if we were related, and they caught me at a low moment because I said yes. Then a wise guy jumped on that and kept asking me questions, and the more I talked the deeper in I got.

For one thing, I said I wrote you care of Hudson's because you travel and don't have a permanent address. That finished it, because everybody in the ward knows I don't write letters and don't get any. I haven't a family.

Is it too much to ask you to write me just once? If one letter came, maybe they'd stop ribbing me. Sincerely yours—(S/Sgt.) Chester Heatherfield, Ward 6, Richardson Army Hospital, Columbus, Pennsylvania.

Saturday, April 28.

My lamb: What must you think of me, not having written for so long? But I did write, and I have the returned letters to prove it. However, in my feeble-minded way, I addressed them to Columbus, Georgia. Apparently the postal service inspected everyone in the state before deciding that you weren't there and returning my misses.

I am so sorry. But since my own stupidity was to blame, may we please drop the subject?

You will note from the return address on the envelope that I've settled in New York. I've signed a lease and that opens up a whole new way of life. Among its more delightful aspects is that now you'll have a better way to write me than through Hudson's.

I've very little gossip to tell you. I've been working hard, and while that makes a feeling of self-satisfaction, it also makes dull conversation. I did go to a cocktail party for Angela Bitters the Sunday after her new show opened (have you seen the reviews?)

Which of your Army nicknames has followed you to Richardson? And do write soon to say that you forgive me. I give you my promise to be a more satisfactory relative in the future. Fondly, El.

May 1.

You kind and wonderful person: I was bowled over by your letter.

*The dog Jiminy gave her a fresh topic to write about. She described him as handsome and well-mannered.*

How swell of you to write and to make it something that I could show the fellows in the hospital. The letter has been all up and down the ward.

Thanks millions for saying that I can keep on writing to you. I never thought much about how little family I have until I landed in the hospital.

The joe in the next bed tells me over and over not only about his mother and father and three brothers and two sisters, but also about every "great big ole hoss" and every "little bitty ole steer" on their ranch. This joe—his name is Perkins—is the one who was ribbing me.

For "what you should know": Born July 2, '27; height, 5ft. 11in.; weight—prehospital, that is—180; dark hair with a cowlick, was an advertising copy writer before my reserve unit was called. Got it in Korea so quick as probably to hang up a record. Nothing serious. Just a few minor repairs, they tell me.

I don't have any special Army nickname unless it would be "sergeant." My mother called me "Buzz."

On second thought, I hope I'm not reading into your letter an invitation which wasn't meant to be there. You must be a busy person, and if I'm presuming, just forget it.

I don't know exactly how to end, so I'll sign the way I feel.—Your Slave for Life.

Saturday, May 5.

Buzz, ducky: I take a family privilege in pointing out pointedly that the last half-dozen lines of your letter were silly. You're a big boy and you can read English. Besides, who likes second thoughts?

Perkins sounds charming. Maggie (my secretary) instantly recognized the idiom as Texas. Her eyes lit up and she began again about El Paso. And she's only a Texan by conversion. She spent some time visiting a school friend and has never recovered.

Maggie has come into my life only recently, and having a secretary makes me very busy indeed. Finding enough work to keep someone else occupied seems a full-time job. If you have any errands you want run (preferably long, involved ones), it would make us both happy.

When speaking of you the other day, I was told that I sounded like a hen with one chick. Well, every insight helps, even if it's into poultry minds. Fondly,—Leghorn El.

May 8.

Dear relative: If you really want something your secretary can work at, you might ask her to find out what goes on with buckwheat. Once I drove across Oklahoma, passing field after field of buckwheat. There aren't enough pancakes to account for that stuff. What else do they do with it?

Perkins is all set up about being recognised as a Texan even through

**The coincidence of a name he  
read set off a correspondence  
that intrigued the whole ward.**

channels. He says, though, that El Paso "isn't rightly" Texas. In the Perkins—or highly boring—version, Texas is a spot east of the Pecos. El Paso is scorned as "goat land."

They're cutting tomorrow. It isn't much of an operation, but before any surgery they pressure you about putting affairs in order. The Army is so tidy. I've made a will and named you my beneficiary. I don't have any insurance, but I've some war bonds and there's still a little of dad's estate left. I hope you don't mind this. It's my only way of expressing a very deep gratitude for kindness above and beyond the call of duty. Devotedly yours,—Buzz.

Saturday, May 12.

Buzz, my pet: I'm deeply touched. That was a highly unnecessary but very sweet gesture. I'm taking your word that it is merely a gesture, because I can't bear to think otherwise.

Maggie was enchanted with the buckwheat problem. She vanished into the library and I had two blissful days of peaceful loafing before she returned with a formidable list of publications. You will shortly be receiving from the Department of Agriculture pamphlets telling more about buckwheat than you could possibly want to know.

I hope the "cutting" (what an expression!) took care of the minor repairs and that you're well on the way to recovery. Please let me know quickly, because I can't help feeling anxious. Fondly, El.

Saturday, May 19.

Buzz, dear: Why haven't I heard from you? I'm beside myself with worry. Not knowing anything about Army etiquette, I hesitate to embarrass you by writing to the commanding officer. But, Buzz, if I don't hear quickly, etiquette or no etiquette, telegrams will start flying.

Maggie says that the Red Cross is the place to appeal for information, and she'll mail this on the way down to start inquiries. Still, that seems so impersonal and institutional. Don't feel obligated to continue writing if you no longer want to, but please may I have two words to reassure me? Frantically,—El.

May 22.

Dear Ellen. This is being written by my buddy Corp. Perkins because I am still a little shaky. I am getting along swell and feel much better. I will be able to write to you myself before long. Sincerely yours,—Buzz.

P.S. He had a bad time, but he has come through fine. Honest he has. If you are ever in Texas, we'd be proud to have you visit the Bar H Lazy Q.

Saturday, May 26.

Buzz, you sweet fool! What on earth was the idea of telling me that your operation was a minor one? It was a terrible shock to find out the truth.

The first Red Cross report came Monday and announced that you were "no longer on the critically ill list." Can you imagine my emotions?

We've had two reports since, as well as the very nice note from Corporal Perkins. Please convey to him my heartfelt thanks and say that if I should get to Texas the Bar H Lazy Q will definitely be visited.

My dear, I can understand that you didn't want to worry your dotting relative. In a way that was sweet and thoughtful. But don't do it

again. I'll scold you more some other time; right now I'm too relieved that you're better. Fondly,—El.

May 29.

Dear, dear Ellen: I'm much better. The fruit and candy arrived. Thanks for that and everything. Love,—Buzz.

Dont be frightened because this is so short. He insisted on writing it himself and he gets tired fast. He's really getting along very well. He's a nice boy. Imogene Carey, 1st Lt., A.N.C.

Saturday, June 2.

Buzz, my very dear: What a relief to get your note. Shaky and scrawly, it was still a thing of beauty. My thanks to Lt. Carey for her most kind message.

In our brief but intensive relationship with Red Cross, we've learned about convalescent furloughs. Naturally it's much too soon for you to get a furlough, but it isn't too soon to begin thinking about it. Plan exactly how you'd like to spend your furlough in as much detail as possible, please. When you have it figured out, let me know and we'll start making arrangements.

There's no geographical catch to this. While I hope you'll come to New York—we're game for anything from jitterbugging to the Museum of Science and Industry—if there's some place you'd rather be, I'll understand that. This is nothing to be decided quickly. It may amuse you to make and discard several plans before you find the one you like best.

I've always been pretty glib, but I don't know any words big enough to express my deep feeling of thankfulness that you're getting well. Fondly,—El.

June 5.

Very dear Ellen: Can you imagine what it has meant to me to feel that somebody cared whether I made it? They tell me that I kept saying your name over and over. Does that give you the idea?

I can't write long at a stretch, so I'm going to spend all day on this letter. Yes, I do have lots of time to think and tomorrow I'll begin on furlough plans.

Almost the first thing after I came

back to consciousness—real, consistent consciousness, I mean—Perkins showed me the magazine which contained your story about the man and the horse. He was saving it for me.

Perkins says you must be a Texan to know horses so well. He says, too, that the animal is a mare. Some of the other guys have gone over the story word by word, to find out why he thinks so. Perkins only says, "She acts like a mare."

You know, he isn't a bad joe.

Every time I came up out of the blackness there was Perkins watching from the next bed, and if I stirred he yelled for a nurse. Some of his ideas still baffle me, but he isn't a heel.

That big beautiful basket of fruit was much appreciated by everyone in the ward. I always seem to be saying thanks to you. If it's getting monotonous, then you'll have to stop being so marvellously, wonderfully nice. Devotedly yours,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 9.

Buzz, light of my life: Your letter was a joy indeed. You sound like yourself again, and it's a very nice self. Possibly that may be my astigmatism.

Break it gently to Perkins that there are horses outside of Texas. He's right, though, that she was a mare. She was the family horse we all learned to ride as kids. Her name was Lady Golightly, but intimately we called her Pook. She was a gaited bay mare from Kentucky (I feel that I owe Perkins these details) fifteen-and-a-half hands high. A honey.

While we're in the four-footed class, let me tell you about our house guest. Genevieve (whose chocolate cake you will some day remember fondly) walked in yesterday afternoon with a Great Dane.

"Jiminy Christmas!" was all I could say, whereupon the animal presented me with a paw the size of a dinner plate.

"I suppose he followed you," I remarked when I could collect a thought. "That's what I always told mother when I was little."

Not at all, Genevieve informed me. A girl had asked her to take care of the dog for a minute while she (the girl) went into the corner drugstore. The girl didn't come back, and when

Genevieve looked it became evident that the girl had nipped out the other door. How anyone could do such a thing is beyond me.

We think that the dog may have strayed or been stolen from his proper home. We're putting ads in the papers and meantime enjoying his company immensely.

In answer to your next-to-the-last statement, henceforth please skip thanks. You're in quite a special category. You're kinfolks. Fondly,—El.

June 12.

Dear Ellen: The dog business throws a great light. I gather that you're a taker-in-of-strays. I've been wondering why you bothered with me in the first place.

I've been promoted to a litter part time and I get trundled out to the sun porch. It's good having this change of scene, although I'll lose my interesting hospital pallor. I may even begin looking like a person again.

I'm going to be all right, Ellen. I don't know what the Red Cross reports said, so I'd better announce that I have the conventional number of arms and legs, and what scars I've got will remain a secret between me and the shower. The great day's coming when I'll be able to dance both you and Maggie right off your feet.

That's part of the latest furlough plan. I'm having fun dreaming up elaborate ideas, but every single one centres around seeing you. I don't want to be a nuisance, but I think you'll understand that I've got to see you. Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 16.

Buzz, ducky: You're confused. Genevieve is the collector of strays. I'm the stern character who puts ads in the paper to get rid of them. However, we'll be sorry when the dog is claimed. He's very handsome and well-mannered. Furthermore, it gives Maggie something to do, taking Jiminy for walks. (He

"Both Maggie and I are more than eager to see you," one of her letters told him enthusiastically.

adopted that himself. I suppose it was the first thing said to him in this house which sounded like a name.)

In answer to your next-to-the-last statement, henceforth please skip thanks. You're in quite a special category. You're kinfolks. Fondly,—El.

June 12.

Dear Ellen: The dog business throws a great light. I gather that you're a taker-in-of-strays. I've been wondering why you bothered with me in the first place.

I've been promoted to a litter part

time and I get trundled out to the sun porch. It's good having this change of scene, although I'll

lose my interesting hospital pallor.

I may even begin looking like a

person again.

I'm glad that your furlough thoughts turn New Yorkward. Both Maggie and I are more than eager to see you, and what on earth makes you think you could be a nuisance? Fondly,—El.

Dear Ellen: Now that I have a litter, I'm a mobile unit. Do I get service and attention! Everybody stops to talk—even the medical officers. It seems that in addition to my more obvious charms I am an interesting case. When we Heatherfields get busted up, we do it in a large way, and when we make recoveries, by gosh, they're sensational.

How can I tell you about the ward? Ours has twenty-eight beds. Perkins is out on furlough. His bed is being occupied by a joe named Goldberg, about whom I know little. He's very quiet. The poor guy lost his left arm, and he happens to be left-handed.

Something's the matter with his left leg, too, but they're fixing that. Spends most of the time just looking at where his arm isn't. You can't help feeling sorry for him than you would if he'd blow up and cuss.

It's funny about how people express themselves. Yesterday a hospital train came in—there's a siding and the trains come almost up to the

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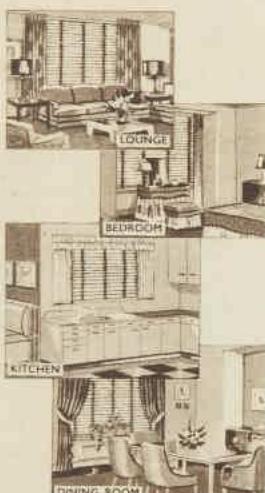
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Continuing . . . . . **Dear Ellen**

from page 9

building. Some of us were on the lawn watching. As a wheelchair came down the ramp, the joe next to me caught his breath.

"That's my buddy!" he gasped, almost crying. "My buddy from my old outfit!" So he yelled to the man, and what he said was, "Hey, goldbrick! Get out of that wheelchair!"

I wish you'd come down here. You'd find lots to write about. And that isn't the only reason I wish it. Love—Buzz.

Buzz, my chick: I've thought about visiting you. I almost did when I found out about your operation. However, it seems wiser to wait for the furlough. I'm sure you see the point. As for writing about the men, that's your job. You're part of them.

We had a scare about Jiminy last night. I was at dinner when the doorbell rang. Genevieve went to the door and presently reappeared to announce that a lady had come for the dog but, hearing that I was still at the table, had said she would return later. I couldn't manage another bite.

"I'll just bring coffee," said Genevieve, whisking the plate away. "No use spoiling a fine dessert by both of us splashing tears on it. Should I give it to Jiminy now?"

"Dessert isn't good for him," I said.

"But his last meal here—"

"Oh, Genevieve," I wailed. To be fair both to people and to dogs, I decided that it would depend upon how glad Jiminy was to see the woman. I paced the living-room. Genevieve kept bringing more cups of coffee. Jiminy went from one of us to the other, trying to fathom our distress.

Finally, I sat on the floor and took as much of him as possible in my lap. We were still in that ridiculous position when the woman came back. It developed that the dog she'd lost was a cocker spaniel.

"But the ad said a Great Dane," I remonstrated feebly. "Oh, people are so vague," she remarked. Under the circumstances I had to agree.

Anyhow, it was such a relief not to hand over Jiminy that the ad has been cancelled.

If I don't comment on some of the things you write (as I am not commenting about the man who lost an arm) it isn't because I'm not interested but because there's nothing intelligent to say. Keep on writing about people, Buzz, and maybe in that sweet civilian by-and-by you won't go back to writing about laundry soap. Fondly,

El

June 26. Dear Ellen: Thanks for the encouraging remarks about writing. I haven't thought much about after the Army, what? Writing's something I'd like to try, and it means a lot if you think I have any chance.

A major-general came to dish out Purple Hearts yesterday and more doggone fuss you never saw. About thirty Purple Hearts were awarded and several other decorations as well.

I was in the brace shop the other day to have my scaffolding adjusted and I got talking to Sgt. Bender (the non-com-in-

charge) about Goldberg. Bender's father makes artificial limbs and he thought he could make one for Goldberg. While I was there the medical officer came in. Major Howe. Bender told him that he'd like to try making an arm. Major Howe gave him a funny look.

"Goldberg?" he said. "Yes, I know the man. We are not authorised to do that work here and I certainly can't give you permission. However, sergeant, in a hypothetical case, how would you go about it?"

"I'd have to know something about the hypothetical case, sir," said Bender.

So the major told him about Goldberg's arm—even I could recognise it was Goldberg—and Bender started sketching. The major asked if he had the material and equipment and Bender said sure.

**Woman inspired  
famous novel**

AN obscure American housewife inspired ex-clergyman Lloyd C. Douglas to write his greatest novel "The Robe."

The woman, Mrs. Hazel McCann, of Canton, Ohio, wrote to Douglas to congratulate him on the success of his earlier books and to ask him whether he had ever heard what became of the robe worn by the Saviour at the Crucifixion.

Hollywood bought the screen rights of "The Robe" in 1942, but for various reasons filming was delayed for ten years. At last, however, the film has been completed—in 3-D and at a cost of £2,000,000.

The September 15 issue of A.M. contains a color-illustrated article on this brilliant picture.

"When Goldberg recovers from his other injuries, he'll go to a prosthetic centre and be fitted with a proper appliance," the major said, very regulation.

"That is work for experts. You understand, sergeant, nothing of the kind can be done here."

Then the major added very softly, "But be as quick as you can about it."

"Yes, sir," said Bender.

Bender came back to the ward with me and talked to Goldberg and looked at his arm.

I'm glad you're keeping Jiminy. A dog seems like a piece of home. Besides, I know what a Great Dane looks like (hint). Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, June 30.

Buzz, ducky: You're a most maddening man. You barely mentioned being in the receiving line when awards were given. Was it a Purple Heart or something else? Please tell all. We're agog.

Pooh for your hint. I'm just the way you picture me except much, much less glamorous.

Forgive the brevity. I really don't have time to write at all, but this simply must reach you

on your birthday to say that all of us—including Genevieve and Jiminy—are delighted that you were born. Fondly,—El.

July 3.

Ellen, you angel: I'm overwhelmed! It's a long time since anybody made a fuss about my birthday. All those presents! When I kept opening packages and reading messages somebody cracked, "Gosh, he's got a harem." And the one from Jiminy with his paw print on the card—well, they don't believe there's a dog that big. And the cake! Was it baked in a bathtub? I want to say thanks millions to you and Maggie and Genevieve and Jiminy.

I've so much to tell that I'm stumbling over my thoughts. When the cake was brought in—on a cart from the diet kitchen—Goldberg insisted on buying Cokes to go with it. Yes, Goldberg. The celebration was more his than mine.

Bender brought the arm in about ten that morning and at first Goldberg took it in the same old passive way. Then Bender started teaching him how to use it and he got excited. Within an hour he was able to sign his name, turn pages in a magazine, and quite a few other things.

Bender kept saying that the Army will give him a much better gadget, but I don't think that even registered.

He turns out to be a valuable character who was married just before he shipped out and what he's been brooding about is how he could go back to his new wife a cripple, unable even to dress himself. Now that he finds out he isn't so helpless, life looks more possible.

About the decoration, let me be coy. I want to have admiring feminine eyes where I can see 'em when I explain my salad. Come furlough time, that'll be.

Do you really know how I picture you? If you do, you're a very conceited woman. Love,—Buzz.

Saturday, July 7.

Buzz, my lamb: So glad you liked the birthday things and that the cake arrived safely. Maggie and I had a wonderful time shopping.

We'd planned to consult a caterer, but Genevieve marched in one evening and demanded, "The young gentleman's birthday cake, now, what size should it be?"

I explained about the caterer.

"Is it a boughten cake you want?" she exclaimed huffily.

"If my cookin' don't suit—"

"It'll have to be very large," I protested. "There are twenty-eight men in the ward—"

"Twenty-eight, is it?" she said placidly. "And no doubt friends droppin' in."

Perhaps the bathtub was involved. If not, it was the only receptacle in the place which escaped.

We're glad that the cake could be part of Goldberg's celebration. Fondly,—El.

July 10.

Dear Ellen: Yesterday they took away my litter and gave me crutches. Woe is me. When I lost my litter, I lost my personality.

Anyhow, it's progress, and to the point where I've good

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"Doesn't she know about ODO-RO-NO?"



Perspiration leaves a tell-tale odour that you may not notice, but others certainly will. The only safe way to avoid offending is to use ODO-RO-NO daily. It stays soft and creamy—never turns gritty and is delicately scented. ODO-RO-NO Cream Deodorant safely stops perspiration and odour for a full 24 hours. No other deodorant is gentler to skin and fabrics.

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**The Stranger Beside Me**

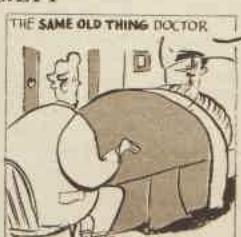
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

**IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY**



By RUD

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640: "Pixie Polka Dots", newest of Australian-created fabrics. Two intriguing quarter-circle pockets, demure collar, trim black patent belt. Canine, green, mauve, off-white, Fremantle green, Union blue, petal green, gorse-yellow. About 110/-.

646: Pretty enough for parties with its black faille bow and gleaming patent belt. In loomknit silk Pic-n-Pic, gathered at shoulder yoke; unpressed pleats in the sweeping skirt. Gold, petal green, rose, blue. About 98/-.

627: Sleeveless and summery in "Sharfox" — wears as well as linen, feels twice as cool. Rows of tucks on bodice are repeated at hipline. In enchanting pastel tones — pink, Pacific yellow, aqua, mauve, white, blue. About 107/-.

678: To wear by day and after dark . . . delicate all-over print on loomknit silk, effectively piped with black. Note the attractive neckline. Chartreuse, gold, pink, mauve. About 118/-.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

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# PORTRAITS FROM THE PAST



• Identical walking costumes, but individual hats, were chosen by the Misses Alice and Marguerite Halloran for this charming photograph. They were the daughters of Mr. Henry Halloran, C.M.G. Alice (standing) was known for her beauty and complexion as "The White Rose of Sydney." A visiting naval officer of a foreign power once threatened to take his life through unrequited love. She married Mr. Charles Macphillamy, of "Warroo," Forbes. Alice Macphillamy bore six children. She died in 1938, still beautiful, at the home of her daughter, Mrs. Clive Single, of Sydney, who is herself now a grandmother. Miss Marguerite Halloran, to whom it had been thought Mr. Macphillamy was paying court, remained unwed.



• Miss Eliza Mort (above), known as "Sissy," was the eldest daughter of the Hon. Henry Mort, M.L.C., who built All Saints' Church, Woollahra, as a memorial to her mother, the former Maria Laidley. Miss Mort died at Woollahra, aged 70, in 1918.



• Miss Macphillamy (above). Although unable to identify her, members of the well-known pastoral family agreed she had "the Macphillamy look." Right: Mrs. Edward Spencer Antill, daughter-in-law of Governor Macquarie's A.D.C., Major Henry C. Antill.

## Photographers' collection for national archives

THE enchanting photographs on these pages are from a collection of 400 to be presented to the Mitchell Library, Sydney, and are reproduced by special permission.

All were taken between the years 1860 and 1880 by Freeman Studios, of Sydney, founded in 1848.

The charm and lasting qualities of the work are remarkable when it is considered that the photographs were made by the old wet plate process, successor to the daguerreotype, and had to be taken and developed within ten minutes.

Wet plates were comparatively insensitive, and sitters who wanted to ensure their red or dark hair

photographing in its natural tone had it powdered before facing the camera.

Headrests, with a rod running down the back, were used to keep the sitters motionless.

Apart from its great historical interest, the collection is an invaluable social document of a period. It will be a treasury of authentic detail for artists, writers, and researchers of this and future generations.

Before presentation to the Mitchell Library, the collection will be on display at Freeman Studios from September 14 to September 26.

The display will be opened by Mr. K. R. Cramp, president of the Royal Australian Historical Society.



• Outdoor photography, mid-Victorian style, by the wet plate process which succeeded the daguerreotype.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953



• The indoor afternoon dress of a mid-Victorian matron is worn here by Mrs. H. J. Lindeman. She was the grandmother of the Countess of Kenmare and of Dr. Grant Lindeman, of Sydney. Married at 18, Eliza Lindeman came to Australia from England with her husband, a Royal Navy doctor, in 1837. She spent most of her married life at "Caworra," West Maitland, N.S.W., where her husband set up successfully as a winegrower. Mrs. Lindeman had 10 children, and died in 1898.



• Miss Bessie Friend, wearing the gold-and-black cameo earrings now in the possession of her great-niece, Miss Dorothy Friend, of Bundanoon, N.S.W. Bessie Friend was one of the seven children of Mr. W. S. Friend, of Devon, who came to Sydney in 1840 and established his ironmongery firm. In 1878 Miss Friend married a visiting English businessman, Mr. H. S. Thompson, and made her home in Birmingham. She and her five sons visited Australia in 1904.



• The character and purpose that made Mrs. I. E. Whitney the Grand Old Lady of New South Wales Central West is already apparent in this picture. As a bride Mrs. Whitney made the journey from Bathurst to near Warren, N.S.W., by bullock wagon. She later owned properties in Queensland, but her name will always be associated with "Coombing Park," Carcoar, N.S.W., and its fine shorthorn cattle. Mrs. Whitney had five daughters and a son, Mr. A. W. Whitney. She died in 1942, aged 96.



• This photograph of Miss Mary Jenkins, wearing her favorite pink coral necklace, was taken not long before her marriage to the Sydney barrister Mr. Henry Ralfe. She subsequently became The Honorable Mrs. Charles Holmes a' Court, and made her home in England, where she lived until her death in 1944. Dr. Alan Holmes a' Court, of Sydney, is her son, and Mr. Ian Ralfe, a Qantas pilot, is a grandson of her first marriage. Miss Jenkins was one of the eight children of Dr. R. J. Jenkins.

# Sutex Glamour

## IN THE CONTINENTAL MANNER



ma chérie!  
such chic!  
how  
she  
is  
terrific!

SUTEX will set the style this year with a sparkle of fashion to highlight your beach days ahead.

With Continental character in the styling, Sutex beachwear will excite and delight the most discriminating of the fashion-minded.

Soft, rich fabrics in this season's most popular colours, crafted so expertly to flatter—there are many gay styles from which to choose.

All the best stores are crazy about them—you will be, too.

FLEURETTE. (Below left)  
A floral print suit, shown strapless with a matching skirt. The beach shirt completes an appealing outfit.

BOULEVARDE. (Below right)  
A complete Everglaze ensemble, showing a cute sunbonnet and beach coat—also a swimsuit and skirt to match.

### GRAND PRIX. (Above)

A superb classic in scintillating Satin Latex, featuring a new 'quilted' front panel.

### FANTASIA. (At left)

An ultra-smart cotton suit, featuring a fully-shirred bra. The perfect suit for strapless wear.

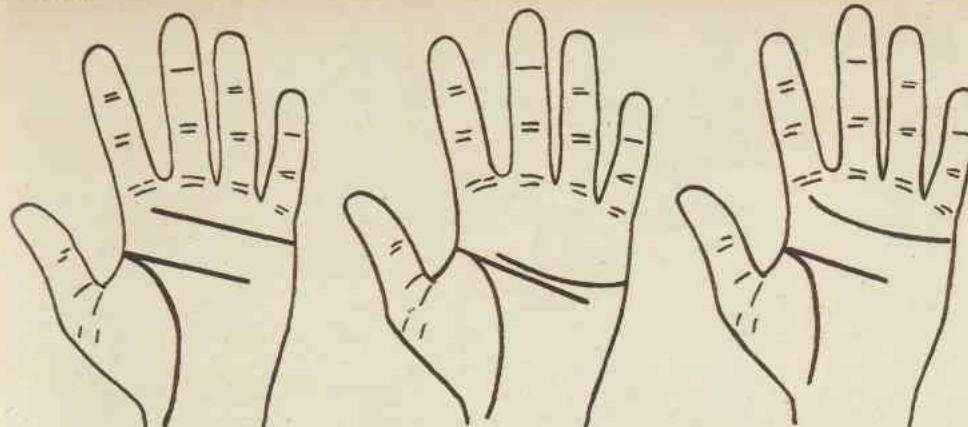
# Sutex



## Beautiful Beachwear

All the family will like Sutex Beachwear—it's available for men, boys, and girls, too.

## HOW TO READ YOUR HAND



HEART LINE crossing the hand indicates a person who lets his heart rule his head.

HEART LINE dipping close to the Head line shows impatience and intolerance.

HEART LINE beginning on the Mount of Jupiter indicates that you idealise those you love.

## The Heart Line

By  
FRANCES KIENZLE

The Heart line is the first long line running across the hand under the fingers. It generally rises near the Mount of Jupiter under the first finger.

If your Heart line rises on the Mount of Jupiter you are idealistic; you will put your mate and children on a pedestal and all but worship them; you are more ambitious for them than for yourself.

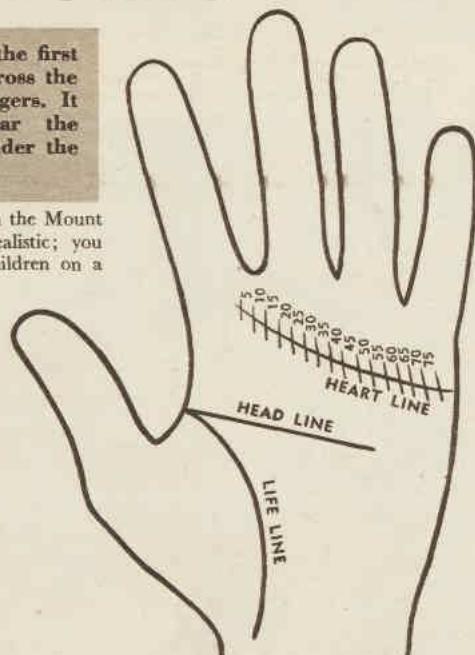
People whose Heart line begins on the Mount of Jupiter would unhesitatingly choose love above riches.

If your Heart line begins between your first and second fingers you are practical about your affections. You view love from a commonsense angle and you are seldom carried away by your emotions.

If the line rises in a straight line under the second finger, that is, without turning upwards, you are sensual and mostly selfish in your affections.

A Heart line that is forked at the beginning indicates a person who loves family, friends, and the world in general.

If your Heart line crosses your entire hand, you are too warm-hearted and let your heart rule your head. It also shows you to be of a jealous



PALM CHART showing the main lines and approximate age on the Heart line. Next week the Head line will be explained.

nature, particularly where your mate is concerned.

There are few instances where the Head or Heart lines are absent, but they very often merge, making one long line across the hand.

If this occurs in the left hand, the hand of inheritance, it shows that you inherited a headstrong, domineering disposition.

If it merges in the left hand and does not in the right hand, the hand over which you rule, it shows that you have over-

come these inherited qualities. If the lines are in the normal position in the left hand and have merged in the right hand, it shows that you have allowed yourself to become headstrong and determined to have your way at any cost.

When the Heart and Head lines run closely together, it shows that your head has the lead over your heart. It also indicates your impatience and intolerance of others' opinions.

A smooth, clear, deep Heart line shows loyalty, faithfulness, and constant affection.

A break on the Heart line often represents an interruption of a deep love which has affected you strongly enough to cause the break.

Branches leaving the Heart line and rising towards one of the mounts will show what quality in a person you prefer.

For instance, a branch line running towards the Mount of Apollo, under the third finger, indicates your preference for people of artistic tastes.

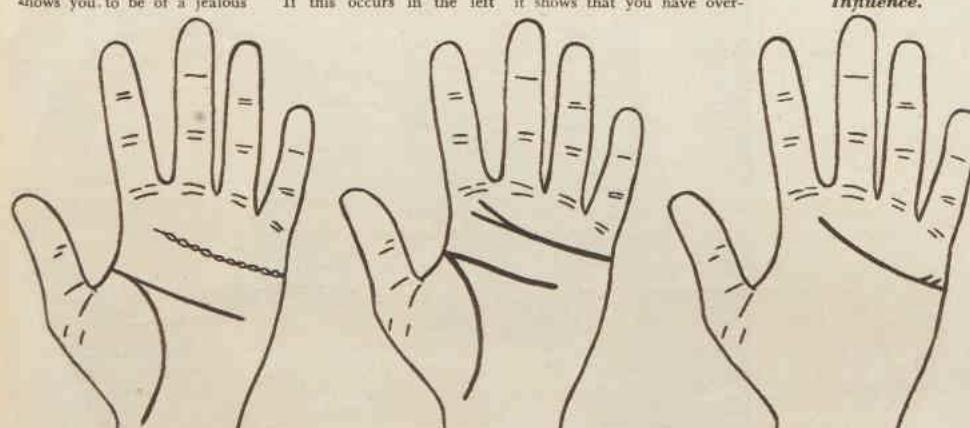
### Children's lines

LOOK closely at the Heart line and count the little lines going towards the outside of the hand from the top of the Heart line.

In some cases you count the ones on the bottom of the line also.

Read the straight, deep lines as boys and the slanted, deep ones as girls.

Next week: The Head Line and the Lines of Influence.



CHAINED Heart line (left) is a sure indication that you are fickle. A forked beginning to the line (right) shows a friendly and generous disposition — someone who loves the world in general.

TWO CHILDREN are indicated by the two small lines running up from the Heart line.

## JOINT PAINS

"A sufferer for years ... now I feel quite young again"



ONLY those who have suffered the constant nagging pain of rheumatism can know the full blessing of the relief experienced by Mrs. R. W.; read what she says, in her own words:—

"... what a lot of good your wonderful Kidney and Bladder Pills have done for me. I have been a sufferer for years. A friend recommended me to try your pills and I have not yet finished a small bottle. My pains have vanished ... I feel quite young again."

(The original of this letter can be seen at our Melbourne office).

De Witt's Pills did a lot of good for Mrs. R. W., and they can do a lot of good for you, too, if your rheumatic aches and pains are due, as such complaints often are, to the faulty action of sluggish kidneys.

For relief from pain take De Witt's Pills, a tried and trusted family standby which has been helping rheumatic sufferers for more than 60 years. Within 24 hours of taking your first dose, you will have visual evidence that they are acting directly on your kidneys, cleansing, strengthening and stimulating them to full activity, and so relieving the cause of your pain. Go to your chemist or storekeeper and get a supply of De Witt's Pills without delay.

**Take  
DeWitt's  
PILLS**

For Kidney and Bladder Troubles

Price 4/- or large economy size 7/-



**MUM**

solves the problem of perspiration odours

As only MUM contains the new ingredient M.S. against odour-forming bacteria ... only MUM can prolong after-bath freshness all day and protect you from odours which offend.

keeps you nice to be near

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL MYERS

# H

## HIGHLIGHTS IN SPRING FASHIONS

Lustre have created new, exciting lingerie fashions for Spring. Whether demure or sophisticated in line, each lovely garment has its own fashion highlight, and the superb cut and finish that comes naturally with Lustre. Choose White, Peach or Blue Mist in matched sets or individual garments. Lustre loveliness is so inexpensive, when you consider how it lasts and lasts.

silk lace and smocking



Ask for Set 34

ASK FOR Lustre

frills and furbelows

lavish lace insets

Ask for Set 34

FOR THE LOVELIEST LINGERIE

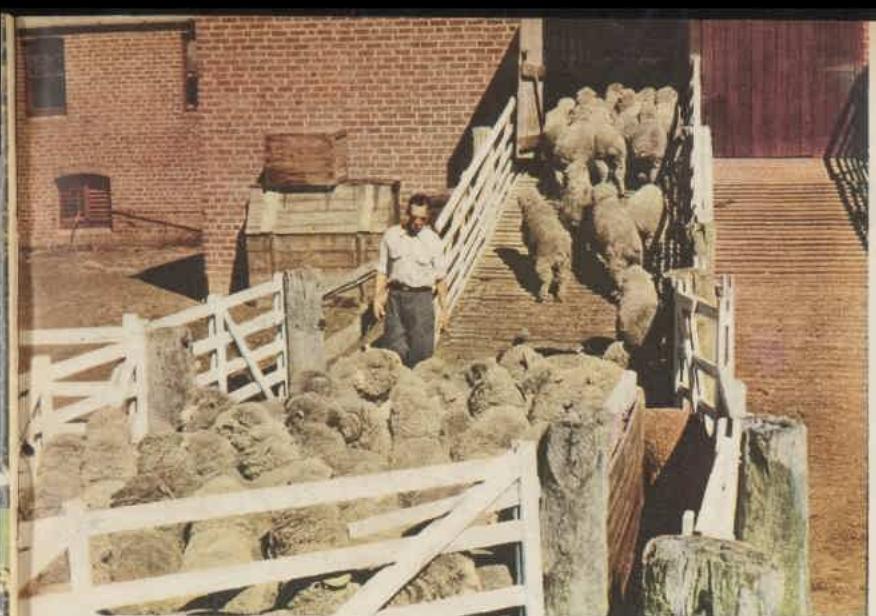
Ask for Set 34



AWAITING THE SHEARER. Under the trees in a small paddock at "Vale View" station, Yass, N.S.W., sheep which have been brought in from other parts of the property wait their turn to be shorn. The old stone homestead can be seen through the trees.



ALONG THE BOARD. The area of the shearing shed where the shearers clip the fleece is known as "the board." High wages enable shearers to buy cars and utility trucks so that they can travel from job to job without losing time. Some work as a team.



**IN THE PEN.** Sheep ready to be shorn are driven up to the ramp into the shearing shed by the stockman and his dog. Skylights in the shed roof provide plenty of light. If the weather is wet, sheep awaiting shearing may be placed for shelter in the area under the shed's main floor.



**ONE OF THE OLD SCHOOL** of shearers is Jim McNally, who began shearing in 1908 and can still shear one hundred sheep a day. Work begins at 7.30 a.m. and finishes at 5.30 p.m., and is done in four two-hour "runs."

## Wool is nation's richest harvest

### City people share graziers' interest in price trends

*Story and pictures by PHILIP C. MINTER*

Wool sales which opened in N.S.W. on August 31 and are now being held in several States will determine Australia's prosperity for the coming year. So the city man as well as the grazier is watching prices keenly as overseas buyers bid for the 1952-53 clip offered at auction.

ONE of Australia's most famous wool-producing properties is "Vale View," Yass, N.S.W., which was founded in 1898 by the late Mr. George Merriman. It is now owned by his son-in-law Mr. J. L. Hodgkinson.

Pictures on these pages show scenes during shearing time at "Vale View."

On many occasions "Vale View" wool has gained the record price for the year. In 1950 it brought the mainland record price of £1/3/- a pound.

Merino rams carrying pure fine to superfine wool are bred on the property and are sold to sheepowners in many parts of Australia.

Shearing is a seasonal business which begins as early as January and February in some of the warmer parts of Queensland. In other parts of Queensland and north-western New South Wales shearing starts in March and April and it continues until late December in the colder areas of the southern States.

The shearing of thousands of sheep at "Vale View," which starts in the late spring, takes about three weeks. Shearers work in a modern brick shed and use electricity supplied from the Burrinjuck Dam powerhouse.

Station hands muster and pen-up the sheep for the shearers. When a sheep is

shorn, the shearer pushes it down a chute into a small yard. There is one chute and double rates for stud rams, which require more care.

Shearers are members of the Australian Workers' Union, which rigidly controls their working conditions. They must shear only during four two-hour runs in their working day, which begins at 7.30 a.m. and ends at 5.30 p.m.

Awards vary according to

wool prices. Present rates of pay are £7/4/6 for 100 sheep and double rates for stud rams, which require more care.

Although a few shearers may earn up to £80 a week, the work is very hard and a shearer may be employed for only a part of the year.

During their stay on "Vale View" station shearers and shed hands live in small, two-man huts, close to the shearing shed. They dine in a mess-room and their meals are prepared by a highly paid cook.

**PIECE-PICKING.** Wool which was removed from the fleece during the "skirting" process is split up and sorted into its various types. Roger Kraushorn is pictured at this work. He is a former city boy who decided on a career in the wool industry.



**SHORN SHEEP** being turned out to the yards from the shearing shed at "Vale View" station, Yass, N.S.W., where all these pictures were taken. Although "Vale View" is mechanised, good horses are indispensable for mustering on this property. "Vale View" was founded in 1898 by the late Mr. George Merriman, and now belongs to his son-in-law Mr. J. L. Hodgkinson. The property grows fine wool, which has often brought record prices.



At 20 feet you make a delightful picture—but, in his arms, does your complexion have

# Soft Loveliness



Close-up—that's the real test of a beautiful complexion! What does your face powder really do for your complexion? Never mind what it does at a distance—what does it do for you—close-up?

## "THREE FLOWERS" BRINGS NEW ENTRANCING LOVELINESS!

How often have you wished your complexion was as smooth and glamorous close-up as it is in your most flattering photographs? It can be! Richard Hudnut has added the magical TOP-TONE Shade Control formula to "Three Flowers" Face Powder—to bring new close-up beauty to every complexion. This exquisite, fine-textured "Three Flowers" brings to your complexion a delicate clinging veil of loveliness that covers tiny skin flaws, glorifies your own tonings... its exclusive formula positively prevents it from streaking, caking or changing colour.

Test "Three Flowers" beauty in your mirror... actually see the difference it makes to your own complexion with just one fragrant powdering.

### To-night be lovelier to love!

Let heavenly "Three Flowers" bring you new poise, new charm... be sure of your beauty close-up—where romance is won or lost! Choose from the seven heavenly shades of "Three Flowers" to-day.

### Alluring "All-Over" Loveliness!

To complete your lovely picture, "Three Flowers" Talc, Rouge, Lipstick, Foundation Cream... all harmonised to glorious "Three Flowers" Face Powder.

# three flowers face powder

• in the standard GAY box or the economical REFILL

Creation of **Richard Hudnut** New York - London - Paris - Sydney  
TELE 143



# Worth Reporting

THE green lovebug sidled along towards us on the sofa in the Sydney Tivoli Theatre dressing-rooms of American puppeteers Paul Walton and Mike O'Rourke, who are appearing in Joy Nichols' show "Take It From Me."

"My name's Stinky, what's yours?" asked the lovebug. He told him.

"Nice," squeaked Stinky, climbing on to our lap and asking confidently, "Will yuh gimme a lil kiss, huh?"

We obliged, leaving lipstick on Stinky's wooden face. "I like you," said the lovebug, moving in again. But Mike O'Rourke prevented him, simply by hanging Stinky the puppet up on a hatpeg.

Then we concentrated on the two Americans, whose puppets starred in the film "Lili."

Carrottop, one of the stars, was there—but in pieces, soon to be assembled.

Moving gently in the slight breeze was glamor-girl of the African jungle Naika.

There was also the negro nightclub songstress Dianne, whose chocolate hands were carved with lines of fate by her creators. (Walton and O'Rourke do this for all their puppets.)

"Now," said Mr. Walton, picking up Dianne's hand, "she has lots of travel ahead of her. She'll probably lead a long and romantic life (notice the Mount of Venus). She'll be prosperous, though she hasn't much business sense. She's like Mike and me—not very businesslike."

### Named for Her Excellency

ON her first visit to Queensland, Lady Slim, wife of Australia's new Governor-General, received an armful of "Lady Slim" carnations when she went to the flower farm of Mr. and Mrs. George Purdy, at Tambourine Mountain.

The carnations, named in her honor, are of English perpetually flowering stock, have deeply serrated petals which are shaded from mauvey-grey (in pelargonium style) to a deep shocking-pink centre.

Famed for their carnations, the Purdis hope to name one of their blooms "Princess Anne".

Another they will seek permission to call "Elizabeth Regina" in honor of the Queen's visit.

### A model-maker's materials

KNITTING needles, buttons, beads, steel wool, sprigs of cauliflower, gravy browning, coke, pencils, swab sticks, and coffee grounds are used by Mr. and Mrs. Edwin B. Ryan, of Artarmon, N.S.W., when constructing models of ships, planes, architectural and industrial projects.

"Nothing's really safe around the house," Sue Ryan told us. "Steel wool makes foliage for gum-trees, pencils, and poplars—after it has been sprayed green. Even when I broke a string of pearls Ted used one as the porch light over the doorway of a model house."

From Mr. Ryan we learnt that swab sticks make realistic telephone poles, knitting needles turn into columns on public buildings, while buttons become silent cops at road intersections or have an alternative use as wall plaques.

Dried sprigs of cauliflower with a little treatment turn into convincing scrubby trees, coffee grounds mixed with fine gravel appear in finished models as piled up earth on factory sites.

"When Ted was working on a scale model of a ship," his wife continued, "he was using string for the rigging. We dipped it in gravy browning, acquiring the right weather-stained effect."

Mr. Edwin Ryan, now 30, informed us that he has been making models since the age of three ("My first product was an aeroplane. I used a big safety pin for the body of the plane, tin for the wings").

At 15 he set up in business on his own, worked in camouflage during the war, and has since built up a reputation overseas as well as in Australia.

"Today we make scale models of domestic appliances," Mr. Ryan went on, "before they are constructed full size. Sue and I have produced miniature radios, electric beaters, gas heaters, and vacuum cleaners. We enjoy our work. The only thing we don't enjoy is hearing people say 'Oh, you make toys.'

"They're quite wrong, really. Model-making is one of the industrial sciences now."

TWO Canberra residents report that while motoring to Adelaide they saw a country store with a notice in the window reading: "We specialise in everything."

Swim in your frock of **ANTI-SHRINK** by *Grafton*  
It won't shrink by the width of a thread!



CANNOT SHRINK • CANNOT FADE • CANNOT STRETCH • EASY TO WASH • EASIER TO DRY • EASIEST TO IRON

So easy to wash, you can rinse this miracle fabric overnight  
with your stockings! It dries in a jiffy, only needs a butterfly  
touch with the iron! Sold by-the-yard and in ready-made frocks.

Anti-Shrink  
by *Grafton* Reg.

Also in frocks by  
ADELYN, COMMANDER  
and ROSECROFT  
Lingerie by MABRO  
Blouses by ROTILLA.  
Little girl frocks by MABRO too.

No more of  
those wage-wrecking  
dry-cleaning bills!

# A godsend to us...

bedridden nearly a year, now up and about again with new energy



If you are suffering, this letter will interest you

She writes:

"Recommended by our chemist to take Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for Rheumatism, I must write and tell you what a godsend they have been to us. My shoulder and knees and feet are now free from pain, the first time for years.

"My sister suffered terribly from swollen joints and was in bed for nearly a year. I sent her a flask of Menthoids and she felt so well after the first bottle that she continued taking them and, I am thankful to say, she is now up and about and does her own washing and housework again.

"My husband used to suffer a lot with Lumbago and swollen knuckles, but since he took Menthoids it has gone and he has never been troubled with it since. I tell everyone I know about Menthoids."

Yours sincerely,  
(Mrs.) Ruby L.



## Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids will help you, too!

Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids help drive out the everyday poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Rheumatic Aches and Pains, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago and similar ailments. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.

## How Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoid treatment acts



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.

In order that Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on Kidneys, Bladder and Bloodstream, the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective properties after passing through the digestive tract. Get a flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day and rid yourself of that unhappy, depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give yourself a new lease of life and youthful energy.

**Start a course of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids to-day.** Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 7/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 4/- from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to British Medical Laboratories, Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

**Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids—famous treatment for the blood**

# THE HOUSEWIFE...



HOUSEWIFE MRS. R. PARTRIDGE, of Pymble, N.S.W., with her two children, Gay and Ian. Here Mrs. Partridge supervises Gay's sums, while Ian does some coloring-in.

## Knowledge of 10 trades used in woman's 77½-hour week

If housewives who are mothers of families were paid wages, they could earn, with overtime and penalty rates, about £1400 a year. This amount would be increased considerably in a year in which sickness hit the family.

Of course, wives and mothers don't try to estimate how much work they do. They do it for love. At least that is what their husbands hope.

But if she claimed as her due the money she—or her husband—would have to pay other people to do her work for her, what would a housewife earn?

I set out to calculate the average Australian housewife's theoretical earnings in an average week and straightway ran up against two problems.

- There are thousands of average housewives, but no individual housewife can be called average.
- No housewife has an average week.

To make a statistical survey on this question, a poll of thousands of women covering an extended period of weeks would be needed, so instead I found a "guinea pig"—a housewife who would help me to estimate her week's work, and whose husband, not having a guilty conscience, would agree to her doing it.

My full-time housewife is Mrs. R. Partridge of Pymble, Sydney. Her qualifications for the role of "guinea pig" are:

- A husband who works a 40-hour week in a white-collar job.
- Two children, Gay, 7, and

Ian, 5½, who both go to the local public school.

- A two-bedroomed bungalow which she and her husband are just completing.

Mrs. Partridge does all housework without outside help. She has a washing machine and the normal quota of household appliances to lighten her work. The Partridges have a car, but she doesn't drive it.

Before starting on her estimates, Mrs. Partridge said, in all fairness, that she doesn't work her fingers to the bone. She just keeps going throughout her working day.

On weekdays Mrs. Partridge starts at 6.30 a.m. to prepare breakfast and her day ends at 8 p.m., when the dinner washing-up is finished.

The light housework adds up to two hours daily during the week and two-and-a-half hours daily on Saturday and Sunday. Time spent on washing-up is included here.

She makes four beds, tidies two bedrooms, sweeps and dusts the six-roomed house, cleans bath and washbasin every day.

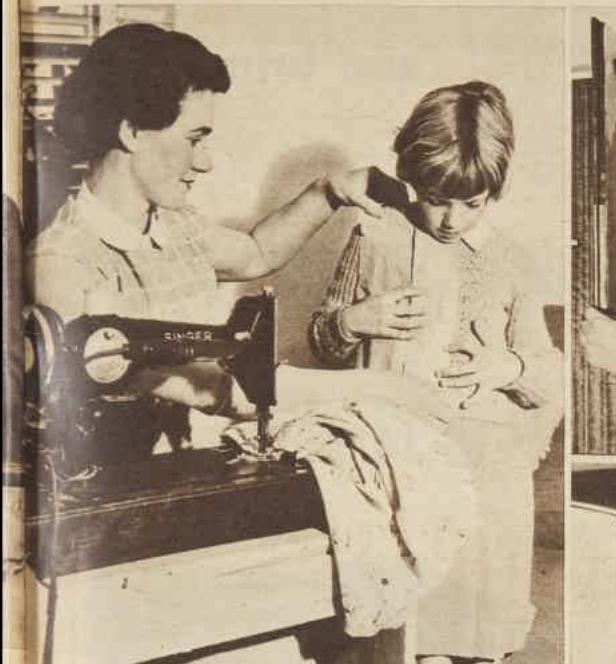
Mrs. Partridge's home is so new that she doesn't have much heavy cleaning to do. Washing and polishing the sunroom—cum—dining-room floor, washing the kitchen and bathroom floors, and wiping down the front path take up about two hours a week. The lounge is still to be completed, so she does not count that for the moment.

She has two washing days a week, usually Monday and Friday, and also keeps up with the children's washing every day. The two main washes take two hours a week—using the washing machine—and the daily washes an overall one-and-a-half hours a week.

She irons twice a week for a total of five hours.

Even though Gay and Ian are at school each weekday

# She earns £1400 a year



**GAY** has a fitting with a paper pattern during a sewing session. Making the clothes is a regular duty for Mrs. Partridge.

from 9 a.m. to 3.30 p.m., Mrs. Partridge still has to spend a good deal of time supervising them.

Between 7.30 a.m., when her husband leaves for work, and the children's departure, she gives them their breakfast and prepares them for school. Before dinner at night she sees that they have their bath, gives them their meal at 5.45 p.m., and has them in bed before she and her husband sit down to their evening meal between 6.30 and 7.

At weekends, her routine with the children is similar, and she feels that it is an underestimation, if anything, to put the time spent on them, as children's nurse, at two hours a day. To this she adds governess duties (helping them with their lessons, etc.) of half-an-hour a day.

Mrs. Partridge's next most important job is sewing. She makes all the children's clothes and some of her own, as well as mending and darning, and making furnishings for her house. Each week she spends six hours on this.

Bread, milk, and groceries are delivered to the Partridge home. Mrs. Partridge usually shops herself for meat, fruit, and vegetables twice a week.

The nearest shopping centre is about three-quarters of a mile away, and she usually walks this distance.

Mrs. Partridge was loath to include shopping in her estimate because she considers it and her occasional trips to town a pleasure. She would allow only three hours a week for it.

She did not allow for her trips to town at all because they come only once in two or three weeks.

The Partridges have laid out a front garden which is now flourishing, but there is a lot still to be done in the back garden. At different times during the week Mrs. Partridge spends three hours gardening.

Her husband and children are so rarely ill that she does not think it fair to claim an



**PAINTING** is one of the jobs that Mrs. Partridge does to help her husband complete their newly built home.

average nursing-time allowance.

Mrs. Partridge has helped her husband continuously in the building of their home. The bricklaying was done for them, but Mr. Partridge did all the rest.

His wife helped mix concrete, punched the nails into the floorboards, and was general help and handyman.

She is still helping him with the painting. Now, she says, there is not so much to do, so she allows only one hour a week for her laboring work.

But if she doesn't get a job done within her normal hours, she does it after 8 p.m., so the

This gives Mrs. Partridge another £7/2/6, making her weekly wage £26/15/5 and her earnings in a year almost £1400.

Of necessity, her assessment of time spent on her duties has had to be simplified. As every housewife knows, sometimes she would do two jobs at once, and at other times would be interrupted and distance walked for this.

Gardening rates mentioned are calculated on the male basic wage of £12/3/- a 40-hour week (N.S.W. rate).

The 1 1/4 hours Mrs. Partridge spends sitting down to meals with her husband and family she would not dream of including in her pay claim.

But there are women who could, especially if they have taciturn husbands who merely shovel down the food so carefully prepared for them and never attempt to make the meal a pleasant break.

For these housewives time-and-a-half or double time at basic wage rates for "patience" money might fit the bill.

N.B.: Henpecked husbands could deduct, at the same rates, from their wives' pay claims.

Mrs. Partridge has a helpful husband. That is probably why her estimate is reasonably low. He looks after the business affairs of the household and all mechanical repairs.

For those housewives whose husbands don't do these duties, here are some further award rates:

(to nearest penny)

Duties and Hours Worked	Rates of Pay	Earnings
Cooking . . . . .	21 1/2	5/- an hour
Housework . . . . .	15	5/- an hour
Cleaning . . . . .	2	5/- an hour
Washing . . . . .	3 1/2	5/- an hour
Ironing . . . . .	5	5/- an hour
Children's nurse and governess . . . . .	17 1/2	5/- an hour
Shopping . . . . .	3	5/- an hour
Sewing . . . . .	6	5/- an hour
Gardening . . . . .	3	6/- an hour
Builder's laborer (Unskilled) . . . . .	1	7 1/2/- an hour
	77 1/2	7 5
77 1/2	19 12 11	

Plus 14 hours she spent at meals. Total hours, 91 1/2.

actual time spent on work remains the same.

As shown in the above list, most of a housewife's duties can only be assessed at basic-wage rates. In actual practice, rates paid to other workers depend on mutual agreement between the parties concerned.

Mrs. Partridge and I chose 5/- an hour because it is a generally prevailing amount and the nearest round figure to the female basic wage in N.S.W., £9/2/- a 40-hour week (4/7 an hour).

Calculating roughly, using the 5/- an hour rate, her time worked over the 40-hour week, 37 1/2 hours, is divided into 18 hours at 2/6 an hour on weekdays and 19 1/2 hours at 5/- an hour at weekends.

Country women might also like to know these rates:

Shearers' cook, £1/16/5 per shearer per week.

Farm laborer, 7/5 an hour. Primary school teacher, from £674 per annum.

In assessing all claims, the housewife should remember to play fair, allowing for board, lodging, clothes, and entertainment paid for by her husband.

On the other hand, she should not forget that when making out his income-tax return her husband gets a substantial allowance for having a wife.

For post haste

without waste

use Overseas Airmail  
these 3 ways

For business houses and individuals alike the secret of using overseas Air Mail is to choose the right classification for the particular purpose. Many people do not know for example, that it is possible to send a sealed, private letter to a friend on the other side of the earth for as little as 10d.

Familiarise yourself with these 3 different classifications and save money as well as time.

1. For lengthy correspondence use overseas Air Mail (sealed envelope). Rates vary according to destination. Example: To U.K. only 2/- per 4-oz.—a 1d. per 500 miles.

2. For brief correspondence both personal and business, completely sealed and private, use the special pre-stamped Aerogramme forms (previously known as Air Letters). You can buy these at any Post Office for 10d. each (including postage) for Air Mail to almost any part of the world.

3. For regular greetings to friends overseas use air postcards and greeting cards. A postcard overseas by Air Mail may be sent at special rates ranging from as little as 6d. to some Pacific Islands and only 1/- to the U.K. Greeting cards must be posted in open envelopes, writing must be confined to five words.

Packets, parcels, printed matter, etc., may also be sent to most countries at special lower rates.

ASK at the G.P.O.  
or your Post Office

This announcement is inserted as a public service by Qantas Empire Airways, Australia's Overseas Airline, Contractors to the P.M.G. for Overseas Air Mail.

AM15

## Make this delicious!

### LEMON MERINGUE PIE



#### RECIPE

##### LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Ingredients: 1 tin Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk, 2 eggs, 1 pt. lemon juice, 2 oz. castor sugar, 1/2 oz. shortbread.

Method: Roll pastry and bake in pie plate. Mix together Nestle's Sweetened Condensed Milk, lemon juice, grated rind of 1 lemon, 4 oz. shortbread.

Four minutes into baked pie shell. Prepare a meringue by

beating up the egg whites until stiff and then add in the

castor sugar. Pipe this on top

of the lemon mixture and bake

slowly, until set, in a moderate

oven.

Young and old alike will

loud in their praise when they

taste this Lemon Meringue Pie

... a more-ish blend of crisp

pie crust and scrumptious

lemon filling made from

Nestle's Sweetened Condensed

Milk.

Such appetising goodness comes

from creamy country milk rich

in essential nourishment. But

always remember ... it's the

pure freshness and richness of

Nestle's Sweetened Condensed

Milk that make all the differ-

ence. Always insist on Nestle's

and make sure you get it.

**NESTLE'S**  
FULL CREAM MILK

CM 10-12

DOCTORS PROVE Palmolive



can bring YOU

*a lovelier complexion*

in 14 days!



YOU TOO CAN LOOK FOR THESE  
COMPLEXION IMPROVEMENTS IN 14 DAYS

- ♥ Fresher, brighter complexion!
- ♥ Less oiliness!
- ♥ Added softness and smoothness!
- ♥ Fewer, tiny blemishes — and incipient blackheads!
- ♥ Complexion clearer, more radiant!

NOT JUST A PROMISE... BUT A PROVED PLAN!

This is all you do!

Wash your face with Palmolive Soap.

Then for 60 seconds massage your clean face with  
Palmolive's soft lovely lather . . . Rinse!

Do this twice a day for 14 days. This cleansing massage  
will bring your skin Palmolive's beautifying effect.

**PALMOLIVE** BY FAR THE BIGGEST SELLING  
TOILET SOAP IN AUSTRALIA!

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953



GRANDMOTHER. Denys Tanner (left), Margaret Bruce, and Mrs. W. Conway, the 63-year-old grandmother of the Redex reliability trial, after their car had reached Brisbane on the first lap of their long trip half way round Australia.

## Nannie Conway likes the bush

Australia's famous "Nannie" of the wheel, 63-year-old Mrs. W. M. Conway, of Rose Bay, N.S.W., is thrilled because the Redex reliability trial has provided her with her first opportunity to see the Australian outback.

"I HAVE enjoyed every minute of it," she said. "I have been wanting to see the Australian outback for years, but I've never had the opportunity to do it in company. I was dared to make the trip and I did it.

"The reason why so many other drivers are suffering from strain and exhaustion is that they are in the trial to gain points and win," she added.

From  
ROBERT FREEDEN,  
in Darwin

"Many of them are driving cars which they don't own. They can afford to ruin the cars on this trip to gain points.

"I drive my own car and pay my own way. I decided to go slow over the Cloncurry-Mt. Isa section because if I had not it would have ruined my car.

"We were nearly three hours late in Mt. Isa, but we got there without any trouble, and with the car intact. We had only a puncture caused by a nail."

Between Mt. Isa and Darwin she and her team mates, Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner, took it easy and arrived only two minutes ahead of schedule.

"I have enjoyed every minute of the trip," said Mrs. Conway. "People have been marvellous to us.

"We have no mechanic. The only thing we had done on the trip was greasing."

She received her first driving licence in 1913.

Mrs. Conway made a few alterations to the car bodywork to accommodate her crew. She took out the back seat and the front left-hand seat and made one bunk from the front to the rear of the car. The space behind the driver's seat is filled with luggage and the third member of the crew has to fit in there somehow.

The crew members take it in turns driving, sleeping, and sitting on top of the luggage. The boot is full of spares and other necessary equipment.

What has surprised sightseers at every stop that trial car No. 19 has made was that an elderly lady with a charming personality emerged looking as if she had just come out of her dressing-room. Most other drivers arrived at Darwin untidy and covered in Territory dust.

Margaret Bruce and Denys Tanner are amazed at Mrs. Conway's endurance and energy. They can't keep up with her and they always get tired first.

"She is a really pleasant travelling companion," said Denys. "She always tells us not to worry if we get in a tight spot or lag behind time. We take her word for it and relax."

Her crew affectionately calls her "Nannie."

The contestants in car No. 19 stayed at Darwin with former neighbors of Mrs. Conway from Rose Bay—Captain V. Hudson, of Army H.Q. Darwin, and Mrs. Hudson.

"My biggest job was to try to get Mrs. Conway to rest," said Mrs. Hudson. "She always wanted to do the washing-up, and on Monday morning she locked herself in the ironing-room to work.

"It took some time to persuade her to have a sleep."

Mrs. Conway said she would keep the "List of Spares" book issued by the N.R.M.A. for posterity, because she found it unnecessary to carry many of the spares listed.

Her car is painted over with advertisements. An advertiser for car hoods will provide her with a new hood; a brake firm fixed her brakes and in return got an advertisement over the mudguards; a spray-painting firm got an honorable mention for promising to paint her car; and a grocery firm for supplying tinned foods.

A car firm has offered to overhaul her vehicle for her if she completes the trip.

Mrs. Conway entered an Austin A-40 in the trial.

On arriving at Rockhampton after a tough trip in difficult weather, Mrs. Conway's good humor shone through.

"I was delayed on the rough Gin Gin-Miriam Vale section," she said, "but never mind, we are only competing for the toaster."

(The prize for the best performance by an Austin car is an automatic electric toaster.)

Saying goodbye to well-wishers in Darwin before leaving for Alice Springs, Mrs. Conway said she hoped to return to Darwin next year in the wintertime because of the nice people there and the climate.

"But," she added, "next time I will rail my car over the worst stretches."



The Perfect Pair!  
Malt Flavoured and  
Chocolate Flavoured  
**OVALTINE**

Choose the flavour you prefer . . . both are delicious, and both contain all the important nutritive elements that have made Ovaltine the largest-selling tonic food beverage throughout the world. Make Ovaltine your regular daytime and bedtime beverage — see how it improves the health of all your family. Chocolate Flavoured Ovaltine is fully sweetened and needs no addition of sugar. Start taking Ovaltine today. At all leading chemists and grocers.

N.P.P.

## CLEANS FAST

NEVER  
SCRATCHES



Here's the one cleanser

that works fast without grit. And Bon Ami polishes as it cleans. Nothing like it for sinks, baths, pots and pans. Try it to-day.



TWO HANDY PACKAGES  
POWDER AND CAKE

THE ONE FAST CLEANSER THAT hasn't scratched yet!

**BON AMI**

Page 23

Pain—destroyer of sleep, endless torment—surrenders to the soothing infra-red rays of Philips Infaphil. If you suffer from any of the ailments shown below, or any other common painful condition, Infaphil is the most effective and specific treatment that you can afford. Infaphil heat irradiation penetrates the skin and gives off its healing heat to deeplying tissues. Blood vessels expand; more blood flows to the affected part and impure substances are carried off. Pain is relieved and diseased tissues are rehabilitated. Infaphil is painless, works quickly, and relieves the painful condition that accompanies colds.

### NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!

Infaphil is portable, inexpensive to purchase or operate. Throughout the world it has proven its efficacy. For radiant, glowing health—a Philips Infaphil.

### SUCCESSFUL HOME TREATMENT FOR

Rheumatism  
Sore Throat  
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Colds  
Flu  
Cataract  
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**PHILIPS**

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PLS-53



**For every day  
on your summer calendar . . .**

NUMBER	OCTOBER	NOVEMBER	DECEMBER	JANUARY	FEBR
1 2 3 4 5	1 2 3	1 2 3 4 5	1	1 2	1 2 3
9 10 11 12	4 5 6 7 8 9 10	8 9 10 11 12	14	6 7 8 9 10	8 9 7 8 9 10
16 17 18 19	11 12 13 14 15 16 17	15 16 17 18 19	21	13 14 15 16	15 16 17 18 19
3 24 25 26	18 19 20 21 22 23 24	22 23 24 25	28	20 21 22 23	23 24 25 26
	25 26 27 28 29 30 31	29 30			28



When planning summer wardrobes . . .

**Lucas Everloc & Floraloc** are summer indispensables.

The new season's styles sparkle with refreshingly different colours and designs . . . all guaranteed colourfast and crease-resistant. Obtainable in a wider range of sizes, and at more-pleasing prices, than ever before . . . from leading stores throughout Australia.

Retail Prices:

**Floraloc**—Sizes 12 to 18—152/- . . . 36 to 44—159/6

**Everloc**—Sizes 12 to 18—130/- . . . 36 to 44—139/6

**LUCAS** *floraloc*  
**EVERLOC**

For the name of your nearest store selling Lucas Everloc and Floraloc, write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melb.

# Meeting new people

First meetings have an irresistible lure. For one thing they imply adventure, and few people turn away from adventure.

EVEN the most bashful human beings feel it. They may genuinely dread "meeting new people," yet half buried under their apprehension are curiosity, hope, expectancy.

Most people swallow a lot of water before they learn to float serenely on the sea of social exchange.

Even the actual introductions themselves are at first a bit hard to handle for the novice. Although pretty well everyone knows the rules it doesn't hurt to repeat them.

You present a younger person to an older, a man to a woman, and someone you've known a long time to a relatively new acquaintance.

"I want you to meet" and "This is" have mostly displaced the more formal "May I present."

These days you say, for instance: "Mum, this is Tommy Jones." Then, turning to your friend: "Tommy, my mother," or "Dad, this is Bunt Smith. Bunt, my father."

In the latter instance, your father's seniority to your girlfriend overrules the principle of introducing the man to the woman.

In the same way, you introduce an older man to a younger man when the younger man—perhaps your boss to take one example—outranks the older.

As far as shaking hands is concerned, that's up to the girl or to the older person. No great social harm is done if you're neither and yet hold out your hand, although it's the girl's privilege.

For a man, especially, there are two wrong ways of shaking hands. One is not to know your own strength so that your handshake is a crushing torture. The other is to extend a limp flipper.

Of the two the bone-crusher is the more welcome.

The acknowledgment of



"Would you mind saying 'ouch' when you shake hands with Daddy? He likes to think he's stronger than any man half his age."

you click right away. Conversation seems to make itself. You feel you've known them for years. If your auras, or personalities, or whatever you call them, were visible, you'd see them meeting above your heads and embracing like two Frenchmen.

For conversation isn't a consistent talent. Even an easy talker finds that in some people's presence he hasn't a thing to say, but that, as Emerson said, "Among those who enjoy his thought he gains his tongue."

All such people may not become your friends. Their shining qualities might turn out to be considerably less than gold. But their ability to overcome other people's shyness and awkwardness makes them socially welcome indeed.

You can make yourself one of them by following the cardinal rule of first meetings.

This is to forget yourself and say or ask something that demonstrates your interest in whomever you're meeting.

they're both on the one platter it makes a good buy.

★ ★ ★  
"DANCING WITH SOME ONE" is also available from that personality thrush Terese Brewer, who is building up a big following for herself with really tip-top performances like this. She links it with "Breakin' in the Blues," on DO70038.

★ ★ ★  
SCOFF at the hillbilly and yodelling school if you will, but there's no denying that it puts the hit parade seal on "Seven Lonely Days." It's corny—but you'll revel in it. This disc, A7820, which couples "Dancing with Someone," introduces a new vocalist called Bonnie Lou. Both numbers have been enormously popular overseas, and since

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

TABBED for a spot on my shelves is EA4123, Jean Sablon's version of "Song From the Moulin Rouge." The accompaniment, beautifully done, too, is by the Melachrino Strings. Collectors of French records know Sablon well. He's more or less the French Crosby. Flipside is "For You." Nice to have you back in the lists, Jean, and we hope to hear more of you after your smash tour of Britain.

★ ★ ★  
TAKE two parts of samba, one of calypso, add a dash of flamenco and you have "Anna," theme song of the film of the same name. Star of movie and disc is the volcanic "Bitter Rice" girl, Sil-

## DISC DIGEST

vana Mangan. The reverse side, "Tho Volute Bene" (I Loved You) is a good cabaret number in Continental style, but "Anna" was the hit side in the States. Disc is MGM 5142.

★ ★ ★  
SCOFF at the hillbilly and yodelling school if you will, but there's no denying that it puts the hit parade seal on "Seven Lonely Days." It's corny—but you'll revel in it. This disc, A7820, which couples "Dancing with Someone," introduces a new vocalist called Bonnie Lou. Both numbers have been enormously popular overseas, and since

—BERNARD FLETCHER.

- Don't panic at introductions
- Learn some ice-breaking tricks

study them you'll find that their great secret is nothing more than a genuine interest in their fellow creatures and a genuine desire to communicate with them.

They find it impossible to stand waiting for someone else to make the initial effort, and they're not afraid of being thought eccentric or silly for their remarks.

They may know little about your pet topic, but they can always find some anecdote (short) or observation that starts you off. And they listen to what you say for the very best of reasons—they're interested.

You won't find them asking stand-and-deliver questions like, "Have you read any good books lately?" This sort of thing is calculated to make anyone go blank.

If good mixers ever stopped to reason about it, they would realize that their ice-breaking tricks can be reduced to two fundamentals.

One is that they show awareness of the other person as an individual. ("Why, you're quite small, really. It's those high heels that make you seem tall.")

The other is that they share a common predicament. ("I never know how to manage a cup and saucer and sandwich and cigarette at the same time, do you?")

All such people may not become your friends. Their shining qualities might turn out to be considerably less than gold. But their ability to overcome other people's shyness and awkwardness makes them socially welcome indeed.

You can make yourself one of them by following the cardinal rule of first meetings.

This is to forget yourself and say or ask something that demonstrates your interest in whomever you're meeting.

# Trix is double magic!

- 1 DIRTY DISHES BECOME SPARKLING CLEAN IN A JIFFY — GREASE DISSOLVES RIGHT AWAY.
- 2 NO WIPING UP! JUST LET CROCKERY, SILVER AND GLASSWARE DRAIN DRY.



FOR WOOLLENS AND HAND LAUNDRY  
TRIX "lifts" dirt right out—  
doesn't shrink, stretch or harden.  
TRIX makes woolens even fluffier  
and fluffier.



IN WASHING MACHINES  
TRIX is the perfect detergent—  
helping the machine to do a better,  
speedier and more thorough job.



FOR CLEANING WINDOWS  
For a sparkling finish, simply wipe  
with a solution of TRIX in water  
... no need to polish.



FOR CLEANING LINOLEUM AND TILES  
Add a tablespoonful of TRIX to  
half a bucket of hot water... just  
mop over—dirt and discolouration  
disappear like magic.



Also for  
CARPETS, UPHOLSTERY  
CLEANING THE CAR  
CLEANING PAINTWORK  
GREASY MARKS  
GAS STOVES  
BURNT POTS AND PANS



BRIDAL GROUP. Mr. and Mrs. Kevin McCann with bridesmaids Leonie Cramer (left), Patricia McAuliffe, and Shirley Vandenberg after the ceremony at St. Mary's, North Sydney. Mrs. McCann was formerly Bronwyn Cramer, daughter of the Federal Member for Bennelong, Mr. J. O. Cramer, and Mrs. Cramer.



A KISS FOR ANNE. Three-year-old John Pagan kisses his sister Anne after her christening at St. Michael's, Vaucluse. Anne, who is held by her mother, is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jock Pagan.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

MERRymakers dressed up as all kinds of jungle animals, cannibals, missionaries, tourists on safari, big-game hunters, and many others will meet at the A.C.I. Ballroom on October 2, when the "Naughty 'Nineties Goes To Darkest Africa."

The ballroom itself will be transformed into a jungle, with tropical greenery, exotic flowers, serpents, and monkeys (cardboard variety), which have been made by the ball's committee members in the past few weeks.

There'll also be a boiling cauldron and recordings of appropriate jungle noises.

President of the ball committee, Mrs. W. J. Smith, tells me that she and Mr. Smith are thinking of going as the Queen of Sheba and King Solomon.

Other visitors to "Darkest Africa" will include Mr. and Mrs. Dan Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Lynch, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Doyle, and Mr. and Mrs. John Minter.

Proceeds of the ball will aid the New South Wales Institution for Deaf and Dumb and Blind Children.

RECEPTION at old family home, "Belle-Vue," Maitland, will follow the wedding of Noelle (Tommy) Petherbridge and George Clift at St. Andrews, Largs, on September 12. "Belle-Vue" has been in the Graham family for more than 50 years and is at present the home of Tommy's uncle, Mr. Richard Graham. Tommy, who is the daughter of Mrs. M. Petherbridge, of Maitland, and of the late Mr. Ernest Petherbridge, will be attended by her sister, Marian, and four-year-old Elizabeth Graham.

MRS. FREDDIE COOK, who has just returned home after more than two years in Washington, tells me that for the next few weeks her time will be mostly taken up with shopping for her son and daughter. They're off to boarding school—13-year-old Venitia to Annesley, Bowral, and David, who is ten, to Cranbrook.

I ADMIRED Lady Hillary's engagement ring when she and Sir Edmund stopped off in Sydney for a day on their way to England, where Sir Edmund will do a lecture tour. The ring is a beautiful pearl and diamond band, set in gold to match her plain gold wedding ring.

FOUR weeks after his return from a seven months' trip abroad, Peter Johnson and Laurel Broadbent announced their engagement. Peter and Laurel were guests of honor at a family party given by Laurel's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Norman Broadbent, last weekend at their home in Mosman.

AMONG many messages of congratulations received by Mrs. H. Percival, of Rose Bay, on her 80th birthday were three cables from overseas. Two came from her sons, Captain Edgar Percival and Mr. Robert Percival, in London and the other from her daughter, Mrs. Neil Foster in Trinidad.



TOWN HALL CONCERT. Mrs. William Kapell (left) with Colin Ross-Munro, of "Boree," Moree, and Carmen Sidwell at a concert given by William Kapell at the Sydney Town Hall.

DIANA STURGE will be the second member of her family to visit Australia when she arrives in Sydney on September 12. Her elder sister, Priscilla, now Mrs. Peter Kinmont, was here in 1950. Diana is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sturge, of Bletchingley, Surrey, England, and while in Sydney she will stay with her aunt, Mrs. N. L. Bottomley, at Rose Bay. Diana will be in Australia for about six months.

GUESTS at the "at home" given by Muswellbrook, Scone, and Murrurundi Spinsters and Bachelors in Muswellbrook last week included attractive Sydney lasses Sue Gidley King and June Anderson, who both stayed over the weekend in Muswellbrook. But it was back to hard work on their return, as both June and Sue are members of the Haywire Committee, and at present they're busy planning a dinner dance to be held at the Pickwick Club on October 14 in aid of the Anti - T.B. Association.

Anne



ON THE STAIRS at Prince's are John Dunwoodie, Rosemary Wiles, David Palmer, and Judy Allan at the South Pacific Ball in aid of the Spastic Centre.



SIGNING THE REGISTER. Peter Nickoll and his bride, formerly Audrie Monroe, of "Runnymede," Cassilia, after their wedding at St. Stephen's Church.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Ken McFaddesean and his bride, formerly Ann Hassall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. Marsden Hassall, of Tambourine Mountains, Queensland.

# Black and White Ball

• Sydney's Black and White Ball, one of the most brilliant social events of the year, is held annually during the Spring Racing Carnival and attracts visitors from all States.

Since the first ball was held in 1936, about £23,500 has been raised by the committee for the Royal Blind Society. On this page are pictures of some of the committee members working for this year's ball.



YOUNG COMMITTEE MEMBERS Gillian Galbraith (left) and Marcia Moses in the dresses they will wear to the Black and White Ball at the Trocadero, Sydney, on October 6.



SMART MATRONS Mrs. Neville Manning (seated) and Mrs. Alan Copeland, who are also working for the success of the ball. Pictures on this page by staff photographer Bob Cleland.



STRAPLESS BLACK GOWN is Annette Macarthur Onslow's choice for the ball. Annette is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Macarthur Onslow, Camden, N.S.W.



PRESIDENT of this year's Black and White Ball Committee, noted hostess Mrs. Marcel Dekyvere, photographed here at her home at Darling Point, Sydney.



BALLERINA DRESS of French moire will be worn by Mrs. Lennox Bode. Gloves of the same shade as the gown and gold shoes are the glamorous accessories.



SWISS EMBROIDERED ORGANZA in the latest shade of beige is chosen by Miss Madeline Archbutt, who is one of the younger set members of the ball committee.



## Yes, Madam, this, above all others, is the car you'll want to own . . .

In the long, wide and low lines of Ford Customline there's a new and distinguished flair of modern styling. And with its Strato-Star 32.5 h.p. V8 engine, this Customline is powered to leave the past far behind . . . yet it has docility and gentleness which make it an easy delight to handle. Many things play their part . . . the perfect balance of the car; its safe, low centre of gravity; K-bar chassis with road-hugging stability; balanced-ease steering; power-pivot foot controls; flick-of-finger gear change; weather-protected brakes, wide track for easy parking and turning.

Customline's interior pleases you as does a colour-harmonised, wide-spreading and beautifully furnished room. Superb, too, is the comfort of the new "Miracle Ride" for, in it, Ford has engineered into perfect balance every factor of riding comfort. These are but some of the reasons why, at £1425 plus tax, Customline is the big value among big cars. Your Ford Dealer will show you that fifty features combine to make this latest Ford V8 "worth-more" in every way.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY OF AUSTRALIA PTY. LTD.

The 50th Anniversary of the greatest name in motoring brings . . .

### New **FORD V8 Customline**

with 50 "worth-more" features including  
new, sensational "Miracle Ride"



YOUR FORD DEALER invites you to VALUE-CHECK and TEST-DRIVE Ford Customline.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953



DRUMSTICK, gnawed triumphantly by Alison, was begged from her mother's plate at luncheon. Judith, laughing here about it, later demanded the drumstick, which subsequently became the disputed community property of all the Quads.



FARM TOUR by Jean Kent and her husband (holding Judith) with Percy Sara (holding Phillip). Mark (left) was interested but the sow's grunts terrified the other Quads.

## Sara Quads' day with a movie star

From our London office

An 800-year-old rose-covered English farmhouse was the setting for the luncheon party given by film and stage star Jean Kent for the Sara Quads.

AT Jean's invitation to spend a day in the country, they motored with their parents and brother, Geoffrey, to Leavenheath, Suffolk, where Jean and her charming husband, Yusef Hurst, "live off the land."

Their 120-acre stud property, "Harrow Street Farm," is 70 miles from London.

Tumbling out of the car, the Quads whooped with delight the moment they arrived and saw the garden ablaze with flowers and velvety, green lawns where they could turn somersaults.

Geoffrey, aged 6½, introduced himself as "the boss."

"Auntie Jean" was hugged and kissed by four little whirlwinds who then flew off in every direction exploring the

ouaint oak-beamed farmhouse, trying out the swing seat in the garden, and meeting the chooks.

Phillip, who flirted outrageously with the hostess from the very first, decided to have a pre-lunch drink with her and expertly helped himself to orange juice from a side table in the living-room, not spilling a drop.

Judith and Alison fell for Jean's husband. "Nice man," they called him.

Yusef took their hands in his and set off with them to see the pigs, while Mark, the rugged individualist, concentrated on climbing gates.

The tour of the farmyard halted abruptly when Judith took a dim view of the sow with her litter of 12 pigs.

Phillip won't tolerate an open door anywhere.

Throughout the meal he had one eye on his plate and the other on the dining-room door.

back to the farmhouse, stopping before every cluster of flowers to bury his nose in the blooms, delightedly commenting, "Pretty, pretty."

Luncheon was an event. It was the first time the Quads had been formally entertained with adults at the table.

Betty and Percy Sara shot looks of parental concern at each other when Jean sat the Quads on either side of her at the top of the antique oak table spread with a sheer muslin cloth and fine glassware.

The arrival of rich onion soup in dainty white china bowls soon absorbed the Quads' attention.

They sipped the soup as carefully as the adults did.

Their manners were still exemplary when home-grown chicken with potatoes, beans, and salad—all also home-grown—were put before them.

But formality vanished and the party became an Elizabethan revel when the Quads discovered their parents had drumsticks on their plates and their little arms stretched out demandingly.

Phillip won't tolerate an open door anywhere.

Throughout the meal he had one eye on his plate and the other on the dining-room door.

Phillip didn't like pigs, either, and smartly headed

## HOME TREATMENT FOR "YOUNG SKIN" TROUBLES

Now — you don't have to let nature rob you of a pretty skin just when you want it the most.

And it's so true. When a girl needs to look her prettiest, nature seems bent on spoiling her complexion. Skin that only yesterday was baby-soft, suddenly begins to develop over-active oil glands. And at the same time your skin seems to get sluggish about throwing off the everyday accumulation of dead skin cells. When these tiny, dead flakes build up into a layer over the pore openings — there's trouble ahead. Enlarged pores and even blackheads are on the way.

Today Pond's recommends this greaseless treatment for the four major problems of "young skin" — oiliness, sluggishness, enlarged pores and blackheads. It's quick. It's easy. And it works!

### POND'S "Magic Minute Mask"

clears off . . .

tones . . .

brightens

"young  
skin"



Cover face, except eyes, with a lavish "Magic Minute Mask" of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Leave on one minute. The Cream's "keratolytic" action loosens stubborn, dead skin cells — dissolves them off! Frees the tiny skin gland openings so they can function normally again. Now — after 60 seconds — tissue off. See how tingling-fresh your skin feels. How much smoother, clearer, it looks.

Give yourself a "Magic Minute Mask" with Pond's Vanishing Cream two or three times a week to help keep your skin at its loveliest. Pond's Vanishing Cream is available everywhere in jars and convenient tubes.

For the skin that rebels against a heavy make-up: Before powder, smooth on a greaseless film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for a smoother, fresher looking make-up.

'Surely some  
antiseptics  
are better than  
others?'



Of course there are differences. Yet it is not by mere chance that 'Dettol' is used and recommended by almost every doctor in Australia.

## DETTOLE

The Modern Antiseptic

OBtainable from all CHEMISTS

### Relieve Torture of BACKACHE

Are YOU tormented by backache, rheumatic pains? Doan's Backache Kidney Pills can bring you momentary relief. Rheumatic pains, headaches, puffiness under the eyes, disturbed nights, leg pains, are often a sign of sluggish kidneys failing to carry out their vital job of removing waste products from the blood. So follow the lead of sufferers all over the world. At the first sign of kidney upset, get Doan's. Doan's should bring you swift, blessed relief, and set those lax kidneys back to work again.

### ASTHMA COUGHERS GIVE THANKS FOR LUCKY DISCOVERY

Thousands who coughed, sneezed, and gasped with Asthma and Bronchitis are now relieved for Mericco, the famous new American medicine, is it. It starts immediately to circulate through the blood, quickly curbing the attack. The first day the little pills are dissolved, giving free, easy breathing and letting you sleep the night through in comfort. Get Mericco from your chemist or store to-day under money-back guarantee to stop Asthma coughing and give you free, easy breathing the first day.



GOODBYE KISS for host Yusef Hurst from Judith is watched soberly by Phillip in the arms of Mrs. Hurst, actress Jean Kent.

HIGH SPIRITS of the Quads (from left, Phillip and Mark, Alison and Judith) are evident as they begin their afternoon "rest" in the guest room of Jean Kent's home.



## A Good Choice of Material

When a sturdy cotton is needed, Cesarine—"the wonder cloth of a thousand uses"—will give you the greatest satisfaction. Long famed for its durable quality, it can be relied upon to stay fresh and crisp-looking throughout its long life of hard wear and lots of tubbing. It keeps its shape because it has been Cesarised-shrunk and all its colours are fast to boiling. For every use, from kiddies' rompers to attractive furnishings, no cotton will give you better wear than Cesarine. Ask for it at the Caesar Fabrics Section of your favourite store.



### All-purpose CESARINE SHIRTS for Men and Boys

"Peerless" style for men.  
"Ranger" style for boys  
in all colours and white.  
The famous **TOP DOG** brand  
is your guarantee of cut  
and workmanship.

### Cesarine

#### FOR EVERYDAY WEAR

Crisp and fresh for business wear, sturdy and smart for shopping or those informal social activities. And the most sensible stay-at-home wear. So easy on the budget, too.



### Cesarine

#### FOR CHILDREN'S WEAR

Tough, hard-playing youngsters are happy in Cesarine. Whether for toddlers' coograms, tunics, or ranger suits—or for shirts or shorts. Cesarine is the fabric that wears longest and best.



### Cesarine

#### FOR UNIFORMS, OVERALLS

Office uniforms, nurses' uniforms, receptionists, chemists, laboratory workers, factory operatives, hairdressers and beauty parlour assistants' overalls and smocks of Cesarine look smart, wear well and save 2½ in dry-cleaning.



### Cesarine

#### FOR SCHOOL WEAR

Through the whole range of school uniforms and sports wear, Cesarine gives the required cotton-crisp freshness. No matter what its colour it will never wash out, wear out or turn shabby. It stays dainty all the time.



### Cesarine

#### FOR FURNISHINGS

For crisp, fresh-looking and colourful Bedspreads, Curtains, Tablecloths, etc., Cesarine is the ideal washable material. A full range of attractive colours is available to harmonise with your favourite colour schemes.



CESARISED-SHRUNK  
**Cesarine**

A CAESAR  FABRIC

A MILE OF VALUE IN EVERY YARD

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

# Everest conqueror weds



**FAMOUS MOUNTAINEER** Sir Edmund Hillary and his bride, formerly Louise Mary Rose, leaving the Diocesan High School Chapel, Auckland, New Zealand, after their wedding. Sir Edmund, an Auckland beekeeper, was knighted for his conquest of Mt. Everest.



**BRIDESMAID** Rosalie Goodyear and the bride arrive at the chapel. The bride is the daughter of the president of the N.Z. Alpine Club, Mr. J. H. Rose, and Mrs. Rose, of Remuera, Auckland.



**ON HONEYMOON**. Sir Edmund and Lady Hillary leaving Sydney by plane for England with George Lowe, who was best man at their wedding. He and Sir Edmund will make a lecture tour in Britain.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

## Keep your hands clean!



• BEFORE  
any  
dirty work

• rub in  
**"BARRIER"**  
REGD.  
**CREAM**

THE ANOTHER  
WONDERFUL  
FAULDING  
PRODUCT

At work—at home—anywhere, any time, rub in "BARRIER" CREAM before starting any dirty work. Afterwards, hands wash clean with soap and water... see how free from ingrained dirt your hands are, without harsh scrubbing. Stainless, non-greasy "BARRIER" CREAM keeps your hands smooth, clean and protected.



Always have

"BARRIER" CREAM is a non-greasy, non-sticky and invisible PROTECTIVE CREAM which prevents grease and dirt becoming ingrained—prevents skin irritation and roughness. Only "BARRIER" CREAM protects against dreaded dermatitis and skin infections too. "BARRIER" CREAM is another wonderful FAULDING Product.

**"BARRIER"**  
REGD.  
**CREAM**,  
on hand!

• Rub it in until it disappears.

For Use in the Prevention and Treatment of Industrial Dermatitis and Skin Irritations



"If it's FAULDING'S — it's Pure!"



2724.—One-piece afternoon dress in summer's favorite dress fabric—printed silk. The high-necked short-sleeved bodice-top is moulded to the figure. The skirt has grouped pleats. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 8 1-3yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2727.—Plain and contrast for a cool bare-top dress with its own collarless bolero. Bands of check and a matching tailored bow form the unusual trim. Sizes 32in. to 38in. Bust, 46in. 5yds. 36in. material and 1yds. 36in. to contrast. Price, 46s.

# To make from

- The seven fashions presented here and the two designs on our cover were selected for variety and style. An accurate and easy-to-follow paper pattern with a step-by-step instruction chart is obtainable for each design. Detailed sketches of each dress are on page 34. Patterns may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address: Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



2722.—Summery one-piece cut deep at the neckline with shoulder-line sleeves. Pockets and neckline are picked out in white. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-3yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.



2719.—A versatile design (above) for a one-piece with a bodice-top accented with a white collar and a fan pleat in centre-front of skirt. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. 36in. material and 3yd. 36in. contrast plus 2yds. trim.

# in a Pattern



2725. — Immaculate American-styled short-sleeved shirt-blouse (above) has matching baseball cap. The blouse is styled with cuffed sleeves and finished with a pocket. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2 1-3yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2723.—Figure-flattering button-up coat-dress designed with an interesting arrangement of stripes. The bodice has brief sleeves and a plunging V neckline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4 1/2yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.



2726.—Slim-line daytime dress (right) has a winged collar and narrow bodice yoke in contrast-textured material. The dress has above-elbow sleeves, is beltless, and moulds the figure. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2yds. 36in. material and 1 1/2yds. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6.

flattering curves  
hing cuffs. Note  
Requires 5 1/2yds.  
ing. Price, 3/6.

# Lace CURTAINS—



## TRADITIONAL LOVELINESS IN A NEW SETTING

The grace and beauty of British Lace blends perfectly with the clean, simple lines of modern furniture. Your favourite store will show you the new-season designs that fit so well into to-day's ideas, yet proudly continue the famous traditions of Scottish Lace and Nottingham Lace.



Whatever your preference, soft, translucent Lace at your window will add beauty both to the inward and outward appearance of your home.

ALL THE FAMOUS SCOTTISH LACES AND NOTTINGHAM LACES CARRY THIS EASILY-RECOGNISED SEAL  
—your guarantee of quality.



## DRESS SENSE by Betty Kepp

Typical of New York designs, the cotton dresses worn by our cover girls, and also shown at right, are easy to make at home.

BOTH dresses are cool enough to wear right through the summer and are of the type being widely accepted by fashion-conscious career girls.

There is a Dress Sense pattern for each design, priced at 3/6. Details for ordering are given in the caption under the illustration.

Further news of cotton fashions comes from Hubert de Givenchy's mid-season Paris showing. Givenchy's latest cottons are "snowy and starched."

One of his smartest models is a loose jacket made in white cotton pique. The jacket is finished by a sailor collar so long that it reaches below the waist at back.

Several little stoles of starched white cotton are given a new look by collar effects. The prettiest evening dress in the collection was white organdie, made with a full skirt and tiny waistline, accented by a front panel



2720.—Cotton dress with bow-tie neckline (left). Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1-8th yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6. 2721.—A one-piece with a moulded bodice and sashed waist. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 5 1/2 yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Kepp, Dress Sense, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

bound in white satin which began as a halter neckline.

From the same city, Jacques Heim's collection adds another chapter to the cotton story. The collection, mainly devoted to country and beachwear clothes, showed some chic and fresh ideas.

For instance, a pair of brief

black cotton shorts was embroidered with mimosa branches and a two-piece bikini was shown accompanied by a loose middy-blouse, designed with an upstanding collar. The bikini was in brown, the middy in white. Rough-textured brown straw sandals completed ensemble.

## STYLE DETAILS OF PATTERNS



These sketches show front and back views of the styles on our cover, and illustrated above, 2720 and 2721, and on pages 32 and 33, where the other seven styles are illustrated in color and fully described.

Only beautiful

# Beutron BUTTONS

match all the  
new shades you'll be  
wearing this Spring . . .

and you'll find them in this Self-Service Unit — on counters everywhere!

Beutron "Opal-Glo" buttons "pick up" any fabric color—light or dark—because they're made with a special iridescent finish that reflects all the colors of the rainbow! That's why Beutron buttons *always match*—never

clash—match florals or plain.

No waiting when you shop for Beutrons! You serve yourself—straight from this handy Self-Service Unit. It contains a range of 48 carded Beutrons in every popular size, color and style.

HOT IRONS CAN'T HURT THEM! THEY LAUNDER BEAUTIFULLY!  
YOUR DRY-CLEANER KNOWS THEY'RE GUARANTEED!



**1'4½**  
with two yards  
of matching cotton



Beutron

BOIL TESTED



To be GUARANTEED boil-tested, Beutron whites must be on the BLUE card!

**1'6** PER CARD  
WITH TWO YARDS  
OF WHITE COTTON

There are plenty of imitators trying to copy our success—but their buttons look cheap—after one wash—avoid them. Be sure you insist on Beutron!

BEAUTIFUL BEUTRONS are made by  
G. HERRING (AUST.) PTY. LTD.  
Dunning Avenue, Rosebery, N.S.W.

**BOIL**

Beutron

PEARL  
PRESS STUDS

clip on! clip off!

New idea! Pastel pearl buttons with a press-stud back! Here's how they work—you just sew the underneath part of the press-stud to your sweater or frock and clip the button in. Clip it off only when the garment's laundered or dry-cleaned!



**Don't put a cold in your pocket...**



use → **KLEENEX**  
*the disposable tissue*



**KLEENEX for Children's Tender Noses**

Don't let your children carry germ-laden handkerchiefs. Send them to school with downy-soft Kleenex. Save yourself washing school-grimed hankies.



**Keep KLEENEX in your Office Drawer**

Don't shudder each time you take your flu-used handkerchief out of your pocket or handbag. Use Kleenex tissues and throw your cold away.



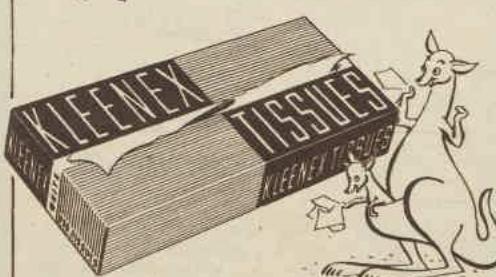
**KLEENEX for Baby Colds**

So much softer for baby's nose. Use Kleenex for baby's bibs. Use Kleenex after removing nappy. Kleenex cuts down baby's laundry.



**You can Deep-sneeze into Kleenex**

Kleenex tissues are strong — no blow is too big. Hankies irritate raw noses — soft, absorbent Kleenex tissues soothe them.



**KLEENEX**  
—available everywhere

MADE BY AUSTRALIAN CELLUCOTTON PRODUCTS PTY. LTD.

Continuing . . .

**The Girl at Table Six**

*from page 3*

tell you more about a person than clothes do."

"You think so?"

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Correy. Clothes may be bought across a counter."

He looked at me sharply. Then he said, "You're a shrewd observer, Sebastian. You're wasted in a place like this."

"Thank you, sir. I'm happy here, however."

"You should be in something like labor relations. Your type of ability can command a handsome salary."

"That's kind of you, Mr. Correy. But I believe I may do quite well here, at Kell's."

He shrugged.

There had been so much talk about the young lady that my curiosity was aroused. So I stopped at her table and asked if her steak was satisfactory.

"Of course. It's finished beef, well hung, and cut from a Black Angus loin."

"May I ask how you know it is Angus steer beef?"

"The size and shape, naturally."

I was called away, and she left before I was free again. I found out what I could from Gregory, her waiter.

The next day Mr. Correy and Mr. Bolton summoned me to their table at once. "Well, Sebastian," Mr. Correy asked. "What information have you about our favorite steak eater?"

"Gregory said she spoke of her meal as 'dinner'."

"Why should she call lunch dinner?"

"It might be because it is her heavy meal at the end of her working day."

"You mean she works somewhere?"

"I'm sure of it, sir. Probably on a night shift."

Mr. Bolton laughed. "What is she? A burglar, or a night watchman?"

"Well, sir," I told him. "Gregory said she tipped exactly twelve and one-half per cent. She worked it out in a second, after just a glance at her check. That might mean she is a cashier or bookkeeper. Probably in some place that does its business from four a.m. to one p.m."

Mr. Bolton coughed. "If she's only a cashier and eating at Kell's someone should find out who she is and notify the police."

At two-thirty, when there was no sign of the young lady, I took my afternoon break. I changed to a grey suit, since I never wear the midnight-blue serge except when I am working. I went to the Martinique.

As I handed my hat to the check girl an amused voice said, "This looks like mutiny!" It was the young lady, who had ordered steak the day before. She was just behind me.

"Good afternoon, madam," I bowed. "It's not really treason," I explained. "Actually, I'm here spying for Kell's."

"How exciting! Do they suspect you?"

"I imagine so. Whenever I seat another restaurant man I take it for granted he's scouting us. . . . Do you eat here often?"

"Yes. I went to Kell's to celebrate a rise."

"Congratulations."

Since he saw us talking, the waiter assumed we were together. "This way, please."

Quickly I said, "May I ask you to have lunch with me?"

"I'd love to," she replied.

I said I had come to try the Pelotas a la Portuguaise, because their chef had a trick with the sauce which interested me.

She said she would try the Pelotas a la Portuguaise, too. I discovered that she had a sensitive palate, for she detected the powdered coriander seeds. There was some other taste,

however, an ingredient which perplexed us both.

A gentleman passed our table, hesitated, and then went on. "He knows me," I said. "But he doesn't know he knows me."

"What on earth do you mean?"

"It's a demonstration of the old proverb that no one ever looks at a waiter's face. When he sees me in a blue suit in Kell's, he always says, 'Good afternoon, Sebastian.' When I'm in a grey suit in another restaurant, he can't place me."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes, he is Mr. Harry Gardiner. He likes cocktail before dinner. His wife likes sherry. She's his second wife."

The young lady stared. "Can you give a biography like that of many customers?"

"When I started at Kell's."

I replied, "our manager told me that, until I knew fifteen hundred faces, plus the names that went with each face, in addition to the favorite drinks that belonged to each name, I would not be earning what Kell's was paying me."

"How do you do it?"

"It's simple if you're interested in men and women and good food," I replied.

The next afternoon, which was Wednesday, the young lady returned to Kell's. After she glanced at the menu she asked: "Should I try the Beef Toreador, or would it fight back at me?"

That type of question requires a tactful reply.

"Let me put it this way," I told her. "Our minute steak is very good today. Personally, the thing I like best about Beef Toreador is the soup which will be on our card tomorrow."

I explained that the unsold portions would be put in a kettle to simmer all night, and serve as a stock for a rich peasant soup the following day.

"Our master chef likes a potage. I suspect that is why he insists upon listing Beef Toreador so frequently."

"Why is he allowed to get away with it?"

I smiled. "If one has an Albert in the kitchen, one does not quarrel over his minor peculiarities."

"We have a foreman like that," she said. "I believe your job is an interesting as mine."

I wanted to ask what her business might be, but I was afraid it would sound as if I were spying.

On Thursday, Mr. Bolton kept reminding Mr. Correy that he was making no progress towards winning the bet.

Much to Mr. Correy's relief, the young lady came in earlier than before on Friday afternoon. I seated her. She was giving Gregory her order, with Mr. Correy and Mr. Bolton watching, when our manager came through the dining-room.

Mr. Hanlon does our buying. Ordinarily, he is through for the day before we open. But on this day he had accounting trouble.

Halfway across the room, Mr. Hanlon noticed the young lady. He went to her table, shook hands, and then disappeared into the bar. He returned with two glasses of our best sherry. He sat down and raised his glass to her health, a most unusual procedure.

Mr. Correy lost no time in going to the table. Mr. Bolton followed closely behind him.

"Hanlon," said Mr. Correy, turning on his charm, "seeing you is always a bit of rare good fortune. And today you are the really indispensable man. You can present us to

*To page 39*



*whatever your fashion  
choice Michel will  
be your lipstick . . .*



... with ten lovely, fashion-right shades

in key with the new spring colours.

If your wardrobe calls for dramatic colour

contrasts, or for quieter, more subtle

blending, there is a Michel lipstick

to complete your fashion picture.

# Michel

lipstick offers you day-long loveliness

because the exclusive formula contains

an indelible base especially made to

"stay on longer." Michel will not smear or lose its shape,

and on the hottest summer day Michel's

protective base keeps your lips satin-soft and always alluring.

Michel is the firmer lipstick that *stays on longer*

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953



\* 10 fashion-right colours.  
\* Stays on longer.  
\* Never smears, runs  
or loses its shape.  
\* Protects your lips,  
keeps them satin-soft.

this young lady whom we have been admiring from afar."

Mr. Hanlon's eyes twinkled behind his spectacles as he asked: "Jane, my dear, have you any objection to meeting these gentlemen?"

"Why, no, Mr. Hanlon."

"Very well then. Miss Piatt, may I present Mr. Charles Correy and Mr. Henry Bolton?"

Later, when the three had left her table, Miss Piatt looked towards me. "Who's Mr. Correy?" she asked.

"Well, in a word, he's the debutante's blue plate special," I replied.

A few minutes later a terrific rainstorm started. I went to Miss Piatt's table. "What transportation have you?" I asked.

"The bus two blocks away."

"I have an umbrella which I can lend you," I suggested. "And I can let you out our delivery entrance, and save you a half-block of walking."

I conducted her through our kitchens and into the corridor. There we were forced to wait, when our butcher came from the cold room, carrying a hind quarter of beef.

The beef had, of course, been well hung. It was therefore discolored and showed some mould. To an ordinary person, the hind would have seemed most unappetising, until it had been trussed and wiped with a vinegar cloth.

"Oh!" exclaimed Miss Piatt. "Doesn't that look good!"

Surprised at hearing a woman's voice, the butcher shifted the quarter of beef so he could see who had spoken. "Hello, Jane!" he boomed. "I didn't know you ate here."

"Haven't you heard? I've been promoted. I'm office manager at the United Provision Company now."

United is the largest of the houses in the produce market. Miss Piatt turned to me: "When Eddie worked on the early shift at the beef house, we travelled together on the three o'clock bus every morning."

The butcher grinned. "That's the bus that carries drunk cops, sneak thieves, and Jane." He nodded good-bye and went on towards the cutting-room.

## Continuing . . . The Girl at Table Six

from page 36

"Don't rush me. Give the girl a chance to order."

"What are you going to say to her?" demanded the other. "I have a secret method of approach which never fails," replied Mr. Correy. "It's copyrighted. Will Sebastian's word that I've dated her satisfy you, for the purpose of this wager?"

Mr. Bolton nodded.

"Then, Sebastian, kindly cross the room and engage Miss Piatt in conversation, because I wish to sparkle in contrast."

"Very good, Mr. Correy," I said. "It seemed to me that he was somewhat overconfident. I had detected a certain rigidity of character in the young lady. She was no starry-eyed debutante who would twinkle with joy at Mr. Correy's approach.

I sauntered to Miss Piatt's table and began talking casually, now and then glancing at my watch. It was 2:51 when Mr. Correy rose and walked confidently towards us.

"Hello, Miss Piatt," he said. "Have you a kind heart?"

"That depends."

"I'm sure you wouldn't like to see me lose a bet, would you, Miss Piatt?"

"Oh, certainly not."

"Well, unless you have lunch with me, I will lose a substantial sum to Mr. Bolton."

"I would hate to cause you any financial loss."

"How about lunch here tomorrow about two-thirty?"

"Unfortunately, tomorrow I have an engagement."

"Day after?"

"All right. Thank you."

Mr. Correy turned to me: "Sebastian, you heard the lady. On Wednesday you must hold a table for us and see what can be done in the form of food and drink. Let it be festive, with everything of the choicest."

After the gentlemen left, Miss Piatt said, "He's a lot of fun, isn't he? He throws words around like rice at a wedding."

Knowing Miss Piatt's tastes, I was able to arrange a luncheon on Wednesday which

pleased her very much. They had a clear green turtle soup with Madeira, roast duck with orange sauce and potato puffs, followed by a baba au rhum. Each item was something which she had questioned me about.

"You have a memory like a police file," she told me before she left. "Thanks."

The next day, when Mr. Correy joined Mr. Bolton at their regular table, the younger man took an obvious satisfaction in teasing his companion. "How can I thank you, Henry, for that delicious meal?"

Mr. Bolton flushed angrily. "Well, you met her. You dated her and I paid up. Why not forget the whole thing?"

"Why not let me decide that?" asked Mr. Correy. "She's different. I'm going to see more of her."

Miss Piatt told me that he took her to a cocktail dance at the Hanging Rock. "I'd been there once before. But that time I went to the delivery entrance, to straighten out their account. It was after their steward went over the hill with all their cash."

"How is the front entrance?"

"Not bad, Sebastian."

One afternoon she phoned me just as I was changing suits to take my break between lunch and dinner. "Can you come to my place? Straight away?" she asked.

"Is something wrong, Miss Piatt?"

"No. Something's right. I've solved the secret of the Martinique's Pelota sauce. I want you to taste it, too."

I hurried to her flat, and she was absolutely right. "You have done a brilliant piece of work in taste detection," I said.

"It's only a pinch of curry powder. It came to me when Charles Correy ordered curry with rice for us, the other day." Then she changed the subject: "Do you like night clubs?"

"I loathe them."

"So do I. He took me to the

Bali Room at the hotel on Saturday evening. We were packed in there like bulk citrus fruit in the bottom of a refrigerator car."

"I know. I wouldn't have a place like that."

"And that wasn't the worst of it," she continued. "All his friends asked me, 'Whom are you visiting? When I said I lived here, but worked at night, they changed the subject, as if I'd said something indecent."

Most of Mr. Correy's friends are people I know, and I could appreciate how they would react to Miss Piatt's statement. "How was the food at the Bali Room?"

"It would have been good if I'd had a chance to eat it. But every time something was served I had to get up and dance. When I said I was hungry, Charles laughed, and he said, 'I thought you knew. We all eat before we come. We don't expect a meal. Just push the stuff around on your plate.'"

Miss Piatt was highly indignant. "Sebastian, I think that's so wasteful that it's wicked."

"I agree with you . . ."

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"I'd be flattered if not entirely convinced. You know so many very attractive men. Mr. Correy, for example."

She closed the door and put her back against it. "The Correy episode is over," she declared. "I turned him down."

"You what?"

"He asked me to marry him and I refused."

"But why?"

"Because I hate him. He's selfish and conceited. His ego is wrapped around him like the meringue around the ice cream in a Baked Alaska."

"That's not entirely fair, Miss Piatt," I said. "Mr. Correy can be charming."

"And doesn't he know it? And doesn't he depend on it? Let me tell you what he did to me. He woke me up at midnight on Friday night. I had to get up at two-thirty to go to work, which that fool knew perfectly well. But he rang my doorbell until I got up and dressed and let him in. And all he wanted was to tell me that he'd like to marry me."

"You can't blame a man for that," I said.

"Thank heavens, you take that view of it. I told Charles Correy that the slipper didn't fit and I'm no Cinderella. My father was a boss at United Provision, and my mother was a pastrycook. I'd like to marry a headwaiter. So, if you have no objection, I wish you'd call me Jane and kiss me."

"Sebastian," her voice said, "why haven't I heard from you?"

"I knew you were busy, Miss Piatt. I did not want to inconvenience you."

"You don't know how to inconvenience anybody," she replied quickly. "I could give you some lessons in that. Listen: Are you letting Charles Correy drive you away?"

"Certainly not, Miss Piatt."

"Then why don't you come over to breakfast?"

"Thank you, but . . ."

"Please, I want to tell you something."

As she opened the door she said, "Sebastian, what would you say if I told you that I liked you better than anyone I ever met?"

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# Olivier an outlaw in new film



LUCY LOCKIT (Daphne Anderson), the gauler's buxom daughter, is outlaw Macheath's girl-friend. But Lucy loses him to Polly Peachum. Of the two girls he sings "How happy I could be with either, were 'tother dear charmer away."



POLLY PEACHUM (Dorothy Tutin), above, the gentle girl Mac- heath marries and returns to after his adventuring round London. The technicolor film is based on John Gay's satirical opera.



LADIES OF THE TOWN, left, cap- ture Captain Macheath. Carousing with his feminine admirers the highwayman is playfully blind- folded, then the constables come, and he is taken to Newgate Gaol. He manages to escape.

## PLAYERS

Hugh Griffith ... *The Beggar*  
Laurence Olivier ... *Captain Macheath*  
Dorothy Tutin ... *Polly Peachum*  
George Devine ... *Peachum*  
Mary Clare ... *Mrs. Peachum*  
Athene Seyler ... *Mrs. Trapes*  
Stanley Holloway ... *Lockit*  
Daphne Anderson ... *Lucy Lockit*  
Yvonne Furneaux ... *Jenny Diver*  
Margot Grahame ... *The Actress*

• The escapades of outlaw Captain Macheath (played by Laurence Olivier, who sings for the first time on film) monopolise the screen in "The Beggar's Opera." With lavish decor, plenty of action, and traditional music, the film captures the sentimental but sordid atmosphere of 18th-century London.



MR. PEACHUM (George Devine), left, talks with a nobleman (Ernest Thesiger) about a stolen watch while Filch (Ernest Pryor) steals the caller's shoe-buckle.



ATHENE SEYLER, distinguished English character actress, plays Mrs. Trapes in "The Beggar's Opera." Mrs. Trapes is a worldly old campaigner who runs a gaming house.



LAURENCE OLIVIER as resourceful Captain Macheath, the highwayman hero of "The Beggar's Opera," the film which he co-produced with veteran showman Herbert Wilcox. Besides permitting him to air an agreeable baritone voice, this unusual role gives Olivier a chance to make love to pretty wenches.

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HC.16.WW1-Q2

## Talking of Films

### ★★ Moulin Rouge

WITH dignity and reserve "Moulin Rouge" (Independent Films) deals with the tragedy of the life of the crippled painter, Henri Toulouse-Lautrec. Jose Ferrer is superb in the role of Toulouse-Lautrec. Embittered by his deformity, Toulouse-Lautrec leaves home to paint in Paris. There he falls in love with a lady of the town, played with brutal gusto by ballerina Colette Marchand.

When another woman (Suzanne Flon) comes to love him truly, the artist is unable to believe in her affection. Driven by frustrated emotions, Lautrec takes to drink and dies as visions of Moulin Rouge personalities pass before his eyes.

Excellent technicolor, in which the film is photographed, has an attractive, smoky quality. Sequences built around the Moulin Rouge and the Moulin de la Galette successfully capture the atmosphere of Paris of the 90's through clever use of Lautrec's spectacular posters and paintings—J.B.

In Sydney—Regent and Esquire.

### ★★ Let's Do It Again

COLUMBIA'S lavish technicolor musical "Let's Do It Again" is a superficial affair which the players make pleasantly entertaining.

They are Jane Wyman (who wears a stunning collection of gowns designed by Jean Louis), Ray Milland, Aldo Ray, and dependable feature players.

On the musical side there are several songs which are adequate but not memorable, and the specialised dancing of newcomer Valerie Bettis, who also plays a small role. Miss Bettis is talented enough but photographs poorly.

The threadbare story concentrates on the domestic crack-up of successful writer of hit musicals Milland and his ex-actress wife, Jane Wyman.

Jane decides to make her husband jealous in order to cure him of the odd quirk of going off on musical binges when he is supposed to be somewhere else.

The scheme backfires, divorce looms, and there are some sprightly, trite scenes before the inevitable reconciliation takes place between husband and wife.

In Sydney—State.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ "Jack London," action drama, starring Susan Hayward, Michael O'Shea. Plus "Fear in the Night," suspense drama, starring DeForest Kelley, Paul Kelly, Ann Dorana. (Both re-releases.)

CENTURY.—★ "Hans Christian Andersen," technicolor musical fantasy, starring Danny Kaye, Jeanne Marie, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

CIVIC.—★ "Niagara," technicolor drama, starring Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, Jean Peters. Plus ★★ "It Beats the Band," technicolor musical, starring Clifton Webb, Debra Paget, Robert Wagner. (Both re-releases.)

ESQUIRE and REGENT.—★★ "Moulin Rouge," technicolor drama, starring Jose Ferrer, Colette Marchand. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★★ "The Story of Three Loves," technicolor romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Pier Angeli, Leslie Caron, James Mason. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★★ "Come Back, Little Sheba," drama, starring Shirley Booth, Burt Lancaster, Terry Moore. Plus ★ "Two Dollar Better," gambling drama, starring John Litel. (Both re-releases.)

PALACE.—★★ "Call Me Madam," technicolor musical, starring Ethel Merman, George Sanders, Donald O'Connor, Vera-Ellen. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★★ "Military Policemen," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Mickey Rooney, Marilyn Maxwell. Plus "The Gambler and the Lady," mystery drama, starring Dane Clark, Kathleen Byron.

SAVOY.—★★ "The Seven Deadly Sins," French-language omnibus film, starring Viviane Romance, Isa Miranda, Gerard Philipe, Francois Rosay.

STATE.—★★ "Let's Do It Again," technicolor musical comedy, starring Jane Wyman, Ray Milland, Aldo Ray. (See review this page.) Plus ★ "Invasion U.S.A.," war drama, starring Peggy Castle, Gerald Mohr.

ST. JAMES.—★★ "The Great Waltz," musical drama, starring Fernand Gravelet, Luise Rainer, Miliza Korjus. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "The Ninth Commandment," Italian-language drama, starring Eleonora Rossi Drago, Amadeo Nazzari. Plus ★ "My Friend Irma," comedy, starring Marie Wilson, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis. (Re-release.)

#### Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"The Gift Horse," naval drama, starring Richard Attenborough, Trevor Howard. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Prince of Pirates," technicolor adventure, starring John Derek, Barbara Rush. Plus "The Glass Wall," semi-documentary drama, starring Vittorio Gassman, Gloria Grahame.

MAYFAIR and PARK.—"Angel Face," drama, starring Jean Simmons, Robert Mitchum. Plus "Alimony," drama, starring Martha Vickers, John Beale.

PLAZA.—"Springfield Rifle," Warnercolor adventure, starring Gary Cooper, Phyllis Thaxter, David Brian. Plus "The Last Page," drama, starring George Brent, Marguerite Chapman, Diana Dors.

VICTORY.—"Stalag 17," war comedy, starring William Holden, Don Taylor. Plus "Breakdown," boxing drama, starring William Bishop, Ann Richards.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

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### SECTION 2.

#### FIRST PRIZE



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Best other use of Kraft Cheddar in any type of recipe (excluding Section 1). This section may include recipes for scones, cakes, tarts, straws, biscuits, desserts, soups, appetizers — or any other use you have found for Kraft Cheddar.

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Charmian Maynard, Home Economist at the "Australian Women's Weekly".



Jean Bowring, Home Economist of "Woman's Day and Home".



Anne Maxwell, Cookery Expert of "Woman".

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

# From Under my Hat

By HEDDA HOPPER

**SYNOPSIS:** For many years a resident of Hollywood, ex-stage star Hedda Hopper watches the rapid growth of the film industry from all angles. Among her friends and acquaintances there are many top personalities.

When sound hits Hollywood many silent stars find their careers seriously threatened or ruined completely. Performers with stage training and drama and voice tutors achieve overnight importance.

When Greta Garbo comes to Hollywood from her native Sweden she attracts scant attention at first. Discovered by chance and given a starring role in "The Torrent," Garbo becomes the rage.

In 1931, newcomer Myrna Loy is assigned a part in the Ina Clair film "Rebound." NOW READ ON:

SURE enough, when we went to work on Monday morning "Sunbonnet Sue," as Ina dubbed Myrna, was there. Her welcome wasn't what you'd call hearty—except from E. H. Having taken the chance, he was determined she'd make good.

She sure did. She went on to become one of Metro's greatest money-makers and the screen's perfect wife. Myrna Loy must have been a perfect wife, too, because so far she's had four husbands, all important. After Gene Markey came Arthur Hornblow, jun., then followed John Hertz, and now Howland Sergeant, of the State Department.

Myrna didn't outact Ina—I don't believe anybody could—but she was fresh and exactly what the part called for, notwithstanding that for years she'd been cast as slinky, sultry sirens in B pictures for Columbia. All of which got her exactly nowhere, probably for the good reason that she was fundamentally a sweet, natural girl.

I watched Jack Gilbert being destroyed on the sound stage by one man, Lionel Barrymore, who took time out from his acting to direct Jack's first talking picture, "His Glorious Night." Ironic title.

Talking pictures had to be approached cautiously. Lionel had plenty of experience on the stage. Gilbert had none.

By the time sound came in, "love" was a comedy word. Use it too freely and you get a belly laugh. Whether by diabolical intent or careless accident I'll never know, but Jack's very first speech in "His Glorious Night" was "I love you, I love you, I love you."

Jack was young and virile, and he was getting five thousand dollars a week. He was handsome, but his face just didn't fit those words. When sound came on the screen from his lips, a strange meeting took place between his nose and mouth which made him look more like a parrot than a lover. In silent pictures you never noticed.

It was unfortunate, too, that during the picture Lionel was in physical misery. He had a bad hip and took drugs to ease the pain. Around 4 p.m., when he'd inch himself out of his chair, it took a good minute before he could start the locomotion of his legs.

The picture finished, Jack and Ina took off on a banting honeymoon. They separated so many times that they became international news, but always got together again and eventually returned on the same boat.

They were in mid-ocean when the stock market crashed. Gilbert had stocks on margin—as who didn't? His banker and his business manager were unable to reach him by telephone and, like millions of other Americans, Jack lost everything.

Ina told me the story later. Jack arrived in New York flat broke. But, ever an optimistic soul, he thought, "At least I've got my new contract." Metro thought so highly of him they'd promised to build a dressing-room bungalow for him on the lot. So he decided to go and see his picture, which happened to be opening that day at the Capitol Theatre on Broadway. He hadn't seen it previewed before leaving for Europe.

He settled down to enjoy himself on the screen. The picture started, the credits, the picture with the leading lady, spoke his opening line— "I love you, I love you, I love you!"—whereupon the audience broke into bowls of laughter!

Jack never waited to see the rest. Chin tucked down in his collar, hat pulled over his eyes, he rushed out of the theatre, caught a train for California—now not only broke but the biggest flop on the lot.

He went to M.G.M. There was his new bungalow, all bright and shiny; but the Big Boys, those fair-weather friends for whom he'd made millions, just didn't seem to quite recognize him, didn't quite meet his eye when he came towards them. This made Jack roaring mad. He'd damned well finish out his contract, no matter what stinkers they put him in. And they sure gave him some cats and dogs!

After Jack and Ina were divorced, he paid court to Lupe Velez. They scooted off to Europe together and had a wonderful time. The little Mexican Lupe had

attracted favorable attention from Doug Fairbanks, who had put her in one of his pictures. On location one day a horse bit her. Lupe turned round and bit the horse. That was the kind of a girl she was. That bite put her on front pages.

After returning from England with Jack, she came into my dressing-room. "Hedda," she said, "I'm gonna have a heart-to-heart talk with you."

"Shoot!"

"Well, you've known me for years. You've known Jack, too. You know I'm no lady. People like me though, just the same. I like people, too. I like Jack. It seems to me I am able to make him happy. Together we did all right—even in England. All those lords and ladies entertained us—even a duke. Well, he was a little moth-eaten, but all the same he was a duke. Now what I want you to tell me is this: shall I marry Jack or shan't I?"

It wasn't much good to tell a girl like Lupe the one about locking the barn door after the horse had been stolen. I answered by asking a question.

"Lupe, what's the advantage of getting married? Tell me now, honestly."

She gave me a big hug and bounced out of the room. "Thanks," she called over her shoulder, "that's all I wanted to know."

She ran into Jack's bungalow yelling joyfully, "Hey, Jack, we don't have to get married—"

Life caught up though with our little Lupe. She fell in love with a man not good enough to dust her shoes. When she dis-

covered she was going to have a baby without the protection of marriage, she killed herself.

Taking her life was against the tenets of her religion. She couldn't be buried in consecrated ground, and was an outcast from Heaven and all the loving kindness of the Virgin Mother. To a girl like Lupe that was suffering indeed.

Greta Garbo repaid some of Jack Gilbert's heartbreak by insisting that he play opposite her in "Queen Christina," though this was long after he was washed up in pictures.

When the story was agreed upon, many leading men were tested, among them Ricardo Cortez and Fredric March. But neither of them suited Garbo.

In desperation the studio cabled England and brought over Laurence Olivier. To economise on time, his measurements were cabled ahead so that his costumes would be ready when he arrived.

Meanwhile, though, Garbo walked into Louis B. Mayer's office and stated simply, "I want Jack Gilbert."

"That's the one thing I can't grant you," he replied.

Garbo never said a word, just turned round and walked out of the office.

Preparations for the start of the picture moved ahead. One day Garbo was notified that they were ready to begin.

"I'll come," she sent back word, "when Jack Gilbert is on the set." And, by golly, when he was, she did—and not before.

When Garbo was upset she would stride back and forth the full length of her dressing-room gallery. At each dressing-room window along the gallery fascinated eyes would follow.

Joan Crawford, who had the room next to mine, would dash in and whisper, "What do you suppose is wrong now?"

"How should I know?" "Let's find out."

We never did. Garbo had no confidantes. She allowed no one to watch her act except the people in the immediate scene. Towards the end of her picture-making career her director, Clarence Brown, was doing his work from behind a screen—with two peepholes so he could watch the actress at work.

The silliest thing the studio ever did was to try to punish Garbo. Their plan backfired. When she refused to sign a new contract on their terms, they decided she must conform. To make her see things their way, they gave the star part in her next picture to Aileen Pringle. Garbo was ordered to play the maid.

She made no protest; even had the maid's costumes fitted to her. Aileen prepared to start the picture, but those of us who had been around a long time knew she would never finish it. Sure enough, the day before the picture was to start, the studio capitulated. Aileen went back to her minor roles and Garbo stepped into the place reserved for her.

To be continued



AT 45 Myrna Loy is a charming woman of the world. She was dubbed "Sunbonnet Sue" her first day on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio lot. Myrna went on to become a top movie money-maker and the screen's perfect wife.



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by  
Edna Best  
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*Edna Best*

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AT STORES, CHEMISTS & BEAUTY SALONS EVERYWHERE

## FRENCH ONION SOUP

Here's how to make real onion soup — the way they make it in France.



Your family and friends will want to know the secret of the delicious difference in this flavour — and here's the recipe that gives you that secret . . .

**This Onion Soup is sure to be popular with your family —**

### Ingredients:

5 medium onions  
3 dessertspoons butter or good dripping (1½ ozs.)  
1 level teaspoon salt  
2 pints water  
1 tablespoon Bonox

**Method:** Cook sliced onions slowly in butter or dripping until soft. Add water, salt and simmer at least 30 minutes. Dissolve the Bonox in the soup before serving, and bring to the boil. Serves 6.

### A TASTE TIP FOR ALL COOKING



Keep Bonox handy in your kitchen. Spread it on roasts and steaks . . . add it to all kinds of soups, stews and gravies. Bonox adds the concentrated goodness of rich, prime beef — and gives a meatier flavour to all your cooking. Available everywhere in 2, 4, 8, 16 and 28 oz. jars. Eat it and drink it for a lift!

Continuing . . . Dear Ellen

from page 10

authority for thinking that I can put in for furlough soon.

My plans are simple. There's just one thing, and I know that it's childish; I want to be met at the train. Could you possibly do that?

I want to see Maggie and Genevieve and Jiminy, and then I just want to tag around after you as much as you can stand it.

Oh, but I want to see you. My thumbs are twitching—all six of them. Love, — Buzz.

Saturday, July 14.

Buzz, dear: I'm in a dither! By letter, telegram, carrier pigeon or smoke signal just indicate what train and of course you'll be met. Maggie will be there with Jiminy. She'll bring you home directly as the cab lines, and I do mean home.

Simply can't wait to see you. Ecstatically, — El.

July 17.

Dear Ellen: I know Maggie is a grand girl and I want to see her, but can't you meet me? You're the person I'm coming to with.

I planned to be in New York the 27th. There's a train that gets into Penn Station at 3:40 p.m. Only I don't know if you really want me to be on it. — Buzz.

Friday, July 20.

Dear Buzz: This is a hard letter to write because I have to explain what would be so much easier to say in person. But to put the most important thing first: Please, please, be on that train. We all want you to come.

You see, I'm not El. I'm only little sister, Maggie. I hope this isn't too much of a disappointment and don't think for a minute that El wouldn't have answered your letter if she'd been here. She and her husband, Mike Conroy, were away when

(Copyright)

## As I read the stars

By EVE HILLIARD

**ARIES** (March 21-April 20): There's nothing better than September 16 for finding a job, developing a sideline or hobby, or making a bit of extra money. If you're wise you'll do your utmost to keep out of quarrels on September 21.

**Taurus** (April 21-May 20): Step out on the evening of September 16 and have a wonderful time. Others may recover lost property on that day. Outings, September 20, are likely to disappoint.

**GEMINI** (May 21-June 21): Don't attempt to conclude any business transaction, September 17; it's bound to be unsatisfactory. Expeditions, invitations are a-cash. September 19, but don't let your romantic imagination run away with you.

**CANCER** (June 22-July 22): That important interview or that short journey with a purpose brings pleasure, September 18. Beware of accidents in traffic or wagging tongues, September 21.

**LEO** (July 23-August 22): An exciting piece of news, probably connected with your occupation, could highlight your week, but September 16 inclines to reckless extravagance.

**VIRGO** (August 23-September 22): Should September 17 bring minor upsets in regard to personal relationships, September 19 puts things right, with more harmony than you've known for some time.

**WATER** (September 23-October 22): Your system is being purified because germs are invading your body in the form of kidney trouble. As blood can't be pure without kidneys, you probably travel with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store today. It must prove satisfactory or money back.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

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Page 47



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AT THE SIGN OF THE FLYING RED HORSE



GARDENERS who have space for a water-lily pool are lucky. The blooms are fragrant and beautiful when growing or when cut for use in the house. They are not difficult to grow and don't need much care or attention.

## TO GROW WATER-LILIES

Water-lilies are easy to grow in a well-constructed pool. Temperate zone varieties are extremely hardy and fragrant once they are well established.

WATER-LILIES need a depth of at least 2½ ft. of water. Shallow pools are unsuitable because during the summer months the water becomes too hot.

Some tropical water-lilies need 6 ft. to 10 ft. water-depth.

It is not necessary to have running water. Enough water can be readily supplied from time to time with the hose to take care of evaporation.

It is best, however, to have somewhere handy to the pool a drainage pipe and a dry well, say 4 ft. square and 4 ft. deep, filled with rocks and topped off with turf to absorb the surplus water.

If your garden layout doesn't permit of this dry well, a stirrup pump and hose should be used to pump out excess water or to take out enough so that fresh water can be added.

The water pumped out can be used on the lawn or flower-beds.

In the cooler parts of Australia there is no need to refresh the water, as the lilies use up most of the impurities.

A few goldfish can be added to help keep the water clear, and they will also look after mosquito larvae.

Where goldfish are kept, fresh water will need to be added from time to time.

The lily roots have to be planted in stout tubs made of concrete or metal and filled with good soil made up by mixing garden loam, some well-pulverised sheep or cow manure, and a little bone meal or dust.

The tubers should be planted in the soil until nothing can be seen of them except a bit of the crown, with the starting-leaves peeping out.

Deeper planting than this should be avoided.

Wet the soil well before placing the container in the centre of the pool, and cover the surface with a layer of

coarse gravel or small stones to prevent the manure and bone dust coming to the surface when immersed.

If the container does not sink readily, wire a sheet of lead or a slab of flat rock to the bottom.

Gradually fill the pool with the hose until there are several inches of water over the top of the lily plants.

The pool should not be filled to capacity right away.

Most water-lilies set seeds which can be grown fairly easily if they are sown in boxes of good soil and submerged in very shallow water until they are big enough to be set out in deeper water.

They will frequently bloom in four to eight inches of water, but later need to be set out in deep containers as recommended above.

Sometimes water-lily pads grow so thick and fast that

### GARDENING

they smother the entire surface. They are often difficult to handle, but can be thinned out by means of an old safety-razor blade screwed to a slender pole.

The pole should be slotted just far enough to hold the blade, which should be secured by a bolt and nut.

One slicing cut with this gadget is usually enough to sever the sappy pads. They can then be raked ashore.

In their first season, water-lilies often send up a dense growth of erect leaves which hide the flowers.

The glossy foliage is so handsome that gardeners sometimes prefer it to the flowers.

However, the lily plants should be divided when this excessive leafiness occurs.

If the dividing work is done quickly and the rootstocks are not at all dried by their brief exposure to the air, bloom will not be retarded—or at the most for a few days only.

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Also: Spools of Waterproof plaster without medicated pad in 1" x 1 yd. and 3 yd. lengths.

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Continuing . . .

## Murder Among Those Present

from page 5

Osborne's dignity had been affronted and nothing would atone.

The rest of the inspection was a nightmare. I had scant opportunity to compare notes with the rest of the staff, but noticed that Ann was looking white and drawn, and judged that she, too, had her troubles, although, when the ordeal was over and we gathered to hear the report, I found that she had received quite a good one.

Not so my unfortunate self. It was much as I had expected, but I couldn't altogether stifle my disappointment at having my year's work go for nothing as far as my departmental record was concerned. At the end of his remarks, Osborne touched briefly on the tragic events of the past few months and their effect upon the school.

"I fear that you have all been working under great strain," he concluded, "but you must make every effort to keep your work free from outside influences. There are too many distractions here for some of you and the detrimental effect on your work has been painfully apparent." I knew this was directed mainly at me and wondered how much he had been affected by newspaper reports.

At length they took their departure and we heaved united sighs of relief. I hastily straightened my room and went to collect Ann and leave the school as quickly as possible. To my alarm, I found her doubled over her table in obvious pain.

"Ann, dear! Whatever is it?"

"This pain! It has been worrying me at intervals ever since Sunday. I would have taken sick-leave, but I couldn't with the inspectors here." Her lips were blue and beads of sweat stood out on her forehead, but she forced a faint smile at my obvious alarm.

"Don't worry, Noel. It will pass. I've had these attacks before and the pain always goes after a while. I'll go home in a few minutes and get into bed. It's a pity Aunt Jessie is away, but Uncle will just have to manage tea for himself tonight."

As she had predicted, the spasm passed and, with my help, she managed to struggle home and into bed. Almost at once, however, she gave a smothered groan and doubled up again. Seriously alarmed, I rushed to the phone and called Tony. He was out, but Aunt Bea promised to send him as soon

as possible. With this I had to be content and I returned to Ann. By this time, she was undoubtedly very ill and I felt a shiver of fear. Surely we were not to have any more trouble.

My relief when Tony appeared was overwhelming. His examination was brief and rapid, and, at its completion, he summoned me out of the room.

"What is it, Tony?" I asked, frightened by his expression.

"Ruptured appendix, I'm afraid," he said curtly. "I'll have to get her to hospital at once. How long has she been ill?"

I told him and explained why she had not sought his advice before.

"Young fool! I'll ring the hospital and prepare Matron. You get Ann's things together. There's isn't any time to waste. I'd better see Ann's uncle, too. He's the only relative handy and I'll probably have to operate at once."

Frightened and miserable, I hastily obeyed him. Ann's uncle was left to put through a long distance call to Mrs. Graham and ask her to come as quickly as possible. I also suggested that he let Vin know, and was glad when Ann thanked me weakly.

At the hospital I stood in the passage, not knowing what to do. I was soon joined by a distraught Vin, and we waited together, anxious and unhappy. Tony found us there on his way to the theatre.

"You two had better go home," he said, not unkindly. "There is nothing you can do here."

"We'll wait until after the operation," said Vin brusquely, and I agreed.

Fortunately, dear Matron Harley overheard us. "They can wait in my sitting-room, Doctor," she said soothily. "Naturally they are anxious and they won't be in anyone's way there."

"Very well." He strode off to the theatre where his father awaited him and we commenced our anxious vigil in Matron's pleasant little room. We had little to say, for we dared not voice our fears, and time passed very slowly. After what seemed an age, Matron came to us.

The operation was over and Ann was out of the anaesthetic, but she was dangerously weak. Seeing that nothing would per-

suade us to go, Matron had a tray sent in to us and we made a pretence of eating. Mr. and Mrs. Graham had set out by car immediately on receipt of the message and should arrive within another hour and I felt that I must stay close to Ann until her mother arrived.

Vin's voice broke in on my unhappy musings. "I've wanted to meet Mrs. Graham for a long time, but not under these circumstances."

I smiled sympathetically. "She is very easy to know, Vin. I'm sure you'll like her."

"Yes, but the point is, will she like me? She has no cause to. Come to that, you don't think much of me yourself, do you, Noel?"

"I didn't, Vin," I said honestly, "but I've been revising my opinion of you lately."

"I've been all sorts of a fool, but that's all behind me now. Ever since I've known Ann—oh, I guess you know how I feel about her."

"I think I do."

"If anything happens to her now, I don't know what I'll do."

"Nothing is going to happen," I assured him, with a confidence I was far from feeling. "She's getting the best of care."

"I feel so helpless. When anything goes wrong we're so dependent on these doctors. We've just got to accept their word and hope they know what they're doing. Gee! Sorry, Noel!"

"It's all right, Vin. I understand what you mean. The doctors do, too, you know. I think that is one of the things that makes their work so trying—the knowledge that people are so utterly dependent on them. It is a fearful responsibility."

He nodded gloomily and changed the subject. "You know Ann and I want to be married?" he said. "She has wanted to announce our engagement for some time, but I didn't feel that it was fair to her. I can't marry her until this beastly business is cleared up."

"But you're practically freed from suspicion now, aren't you?"

"I don't know. I won't feel that I have been truly cleared until the murderer has been caught and convicted—and goodness knows whether that time will ever come!"

"It must!" I said firmly. "Why don't you talk the whole

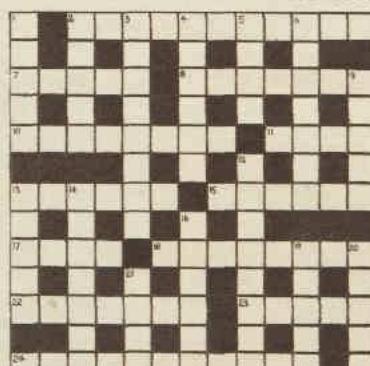
To page 52

## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

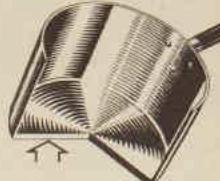
- Surgeon's mate is the man to bowl a sweetmeat (8, 3).
- This organ can be a breakfast dish (8).
- Alternative in realities for agents (7).
- Wicked through poem (8).
- Underground work which belongs to me (4).
- Chandler of radiant beauty (8).
- Fish tins about to daily (6).
- Chrogram (8).
- Idath (8).
- Onu a e b a (8).
- Breastsummers (8).
- Lrito o l t (8).
- Erosion niece (8).
- Tun s k r n (8).
- Usage spend (8).
- S n s o e r (8).
- Tosca testate (8).
- Joe ritri (8).
- Poll citation (8).
- Die d g n e (8).
- Robin emerged (8).

Solution will be published next week.



- Lowest deck of ship or smaller bunches of trees (8).
- Handle turns to money-making (8).
- Waterproof plant hard to shake off with small juicy fruit (8).
- Stiff in manner of vertebrate cold-blooded animal (8).
- Fasten with a fine open fabric (4).
- A child might take it for a circular ornament of a cow, but it is for anchoring (7).
- Guide a bullock (5).
- Is it devoid of feeding? (8).
- Catch a girl with nothing (8).
- Honest nieces are mixed (7).
- Watch the heart when a parasite insect turned about (6).
- Strong head wind (5).
- Chop off in case and run away (5).
- Anagram of 11 across (4).

## Ask for . . .



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CN 4

## 5 doctors prove this plan breaks the laxative habit

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Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take two Carter's Little Liver Pills. Second week—one each night. Third week—one every other night. Then nothing.

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COLLETT

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Most widely renowned of their specialised products is the fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch. In these watches, three centuries of traditional skill and the most modern and scientific production methods are combined with infinite care.

This care can all be wasted if your watch comes to you through careless or greedy hands. To be sure of getting the best of Switzerland, go to a qualified jeweller. A specialised product needs a specialised retailer, and your jeweller is the specialist in watches.

Only he can explain to you which are the good Swiss watches. Only he can bring them to you through skilful, careful hands. Only he can give your watch expert service in the future.

The Swiss watch craftsman is proud of his work. If you choose a good Swiss jewelled-lever watch, and choose it at your jeweller's, you will share his pride.



*Your jeweller's knowledge is your safeguard*

The WATCHMAKERS  OF SWITZERLAND

SW. 81.56

Continuing . . .

### Murder Among Those Present from page 50

thing over with Mrs. Graham? She is such a sensible person and she understands Ann thoroughly. I'm sure her advice would be worth having."

"I might do that," he agreed.

As he spoke, we heard footsteps approaching and Matron showed Mrs. Graham into the room. I ran to her and she kissed me gently before turning inquiringly to Vin. I made the necessary introductions and was pleased to see Mrs. Graham take Vin's hand in a firm, friendly grasp. For a moment they eyed each other warily, then Mrs. Graham smiled, the rich, heart-warming smile that I knew so well, and I saw Vin relax. Noiselessly, I slipped through the French windows that led into the garden and left them together.

The cool air was refreshing and I walked slowly along the path between the flower beds, enjoying the night scent of the flowers that showed white in the bright moonlight. Hearing a step behind me, I turned and found myself in Tony's arms.

"You must go home, Noel. You're only wearing yourself out here. You must get some rest. I don't want another patient on my hands."

"But Ann?"

"I think she'll be safe now. Mrs. Graham and Vin will stay for the time being, but I'm hopeful that the danger is past. Now, get your things while I have a word with Matron, and then I'll run you home."

When I went back into the Matron's room, Vin was there alone—a completely different Vin.

"Gosh, Noel!" he greeted me. "Isn't she a wonderful person? No wonder Ann is so marvellous. I feel sure everything is going to be all right now."

I smiled at his bovish enthusiasm and went home feeling happier myself.

The remainder of the school year was not particularly happy for me. To our great joy, Ann rallied splendidly after the first anxious days, but, when she was well enough to leave the hospital, she went home to recuperate and I missed her badly. The junior teacher who was sent to relieve her was a nice child and eager to do her work well, but she was no companion for me.

We were very busy as the year drew to its close, for, besides our normal work, we had to train the children for the concert and prize-giving that concluded the year. Usually I found this a source of much amusement, but, somehow, the sparkle had gone. I did my

work conscientiously, but without pleasure.

Towards the end of the year came the blow I had been dreading. One afternoon Mr. Marsh called me to his room, and, when I saw the official envelope in his hand, my heart sank.

"I'm afraid we're going to lose you, Noel," he said kindly. "I have your notice of transfer here. I'm sorry, my dear. I have been well satisfied with your work and I know you wanted to spend your last year here."

"I've got Osborne to thank, I suppose," I said bitterly. "Where have they sent me?"

He named a town on the West Coast—remote and inaccessible. "They couldn't have sent me much farther away, unless they sent me to one of the islands," I commented. "Oh, well. I can't do anything about it. I've no legitimate cause to protest, so I'll just have to grin and bear it."

Tony, when he heard the news, was furious and wanted me to resign and get married at once. Although the idea was tempting, I refused. "I've still got another year to serve before my bond expires," I reminded him.

"But Ann?"

"I'll buy you out," he said cheerfully. "Then you'll be my slave instead of the department's."

I smiled, but shook my head. Somehow, I felt that I would be false to my father's training if I broke my bond. There were other reasons, too. Being an orphan and dependent on myself I had to collect my own trousseau. Another year to earn and save would make all the difference. Tony, who was older and wiser than I, scoffed at this as the height of foolishness, but I stuck to my resolve.

I was now faced with the melancholy task of going on a round of farewell visits. I had made many friends in Sutton, and, although I hoped to be back among them eventually, I would be away for at least twelve months. During that time some of the transient folk, like myself, might also have been moved to other towns. Indeed, one such move was already impending. Mr. Meredith had been appointed to another and larger parish.

Both the Rector and his wife were highly delighted with the move and had already begun their preparations for departure. Unfortunately, Mrs. Meredith was ill once again and this marred their pleasure a little, but Mr. Meredith was very proud of his "promotion."

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#### FOR THE CHILDREN



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

Continuing . . . .

## Murder Among Those Present

from page 52

for he thought it showed recognition of the hard work he had done in Sutton.

The Rector was a "must" on my list of calls, and one lunch hour I hurried out into the playground, looking for Alwyn Meredith. The Rector had been at the school during the morning, but I had been discussing the concert with Mr. Marsh and had not seen him, so I intended sending a message home with the child, asking his mother if she felt well enough to see me that evening.

I overtook him walking slowly along with Ernie Davis. The two little heads were close together and the boys were absorbed in a weighty problem. My rubber-soled shoes made no noise on the road and I was close enough to hear their conversation before they were aware of my approach. I smiled to myself at their serious faces. The Rector, with typical lack of understanding, had evidently been dealing with the Commandments during the religious instruction period, heedless of the approach of Christmas and the appeal that the story of the Christ Child always makes to the smaller children.

"Alwyn," Ernie was saying as I came closer, "what does c'mit 'dultery mean?"

"I don't quite know," Alwyn admitted doubtfully, "but I guess it's something pretty awful."

"Yes, I thought so."

"Well, what do you think it is, Ernie?"

"I'm not sure, but I think it's something to do with kissing and all that silly stuff. I heard Mum growling at Joy about it one day. Tell you what, Alwyn — you ask your Dad about it and then we'll know for sure."

Alwyn's face cleared at this eminently sensible suggestion. His father knew all the answers and could soon solve the problem. At this moment they became aware of my presence and the discussion ended abruptly. I gave Alwyn the message for his mother and hurried home for my own lunch, wishing I could be a fly on the wall when the Rector explained matters to his small son. I didn't imagine that he would enjoy the task.

"Serve the silly old goat right," I thought, "for bothering small children about such things."

Alwyn returned to school bearing a message from Mrs. Meredith saying that, although she was still in bed and far from well, she would like me to visit her as my company would cheer her up. I wished Ann had been with me to share the task and recalled our last visit to the Rector.

At least, the weather had improved since then, and the walk would not be so unpleasant. The evenings were warm and lovely now, and the light lin-

gered for a considerable time. I set out early after the evening meal, as I didn't wish to stay late and tire Mrs. Meredith too much.

I pushed open the Rector gate, noting that the garden was as wild and uncared for as ever, and made my way slowly along the path. I had gone only a few yards when an unexpected sound brought me to a sudden stop. Some-where in the depths of that unkempt garden someone was sobbing — the helpless, desolate sobbing of a child. I listened incredulously, but there was no mistaking those deep, stomach-tearing sobs such as a child cries only when in the grip of some great emotional sorrow.

Turning from the path, I followed the sound, pushing my way through the shrubbery until, at the foot of a tree, well hidden from the sight of the house, I nearly stumbled over the huddled, pitiful little form of Alwyn. Sunk in misery, he had been unconscious of my approach until I was almost upon him. He sprang up, startled, staring at me with eyes that failed to recognise me. I gathered the shaking little body into my arms. "Alwyn, my dear, what ever is the matter? What has frightened you so?"

He recognised me now, and clung to me with sudden violence, but made no answer. I had to break that unchildlike silence.

"What is it, darling?" I insisted gently. "Are you sad because Mummy is sick? She will be better soon. You mustn't worry about it." He shook his head and tried to control his sobs. At last, in a trembling voice, he whispered, "Father whipped me."

It was my turn now to stare. No ordinary smacking would have caused that terrible weeping and I was sure the Rector loved his son far too dearly to punish him severely. The situation defied understanding. Having started to speak, Alwyn was anxious to unburden himself and the words flowed in an eager torrent. "He whipped me because he said I was telling lies but I wasn't, Miss Vicary, I wasn't!"

This made more sense. For his adored father to be unjust would hurt Alwyn far more than any punishment. I tried to soothe him. "He must have thought you were, dear. Perhaps he misunderstood you. Tell me about it and we will be able to straighten things out and you will be friends again."

The look he gave me chilled me to the heart. Never had I seen such utter disillusion in a child's eyes. My dislike of the Rector flared to new life. Alwyn started to explain. Ernie Davis asked me to ask Father about what commit adultery meant."

"Yes, I know. I heard him."

"Well, I did ask him tonight. I told him Ernie thought it was something to do with kissing, but I didn't think so, because I thought it was right to kiss people when you liked them. He said that was all right, but sometimes kissing was bad — like when married men and ladies kissed other people that they weren't married to —" His voice trailed off and he stared into space as if trying to marshall his thoughts into some sort of order.

I thought to myself that the Rector had bungled his explanation much as I had anticipated, but I could still see no reason for whipping the child.

"Yes, dear?" I prompted.

Alwyn recalled his wandering thoughts with a start. His eyes widened and darkened and his voice became a throaty murmur. "So I asked him how

assured me that I had not imagined that scene in the garden, nor the message I had received from those icy, killer's eyes.

Somewhat, I had to get out of the Rector and find help before that unspoken threat could be executed.

For the time being, however, I was helpless, and, to steady myself, I concentrated on making Alwyn happy before he settled down to sleep. He allowed his father to help him with his undressing, but he was still wary. Childlike, he longed to regain his father's favor, but the shattering of his idol had been too sudden for him to recover easily.

As he pulled on his pyjamas, I glimpsed the red weals still showing on his thin little body and was moved and shocked. Under stress of panic and an overburdened conscience, Mr. Meredith had evidently lost control of himself completely for a time. He had regained control now, but I knew that that made him even more dangerous. He tucked Alwyn into bed. I leaned over and lightly kissed the small, weary face, carefully repressing any emotion, and wished him "good-night" cheerfully. Whatever the night held for me, it was important that the child settle into a normal, peaceful sleep without any further upset or strain.

As I straightened from the bed, I felt the Rector's hand take my arm once more and I was led into the next room to his sick wife. Here I received my second shock of the evening. Mrs. Meredith's health was never good and I had not taken this latest illness seriously, but, looking down at her as she lay passively among her pillows, I realised that she was desperately ill. Even to my untrained eyes, the signs were obvious enough. She roused herself at my approach and made a pitiful attempt at animation.

"Ah, Noel, my dear. It was nice of you to come. I'm sorry you find me in bed, but I hope to be up soon. There is so much to do and William needs me now, don't you, dear?"

"I always need you," he said heavily. Surprisingly, I felt his sincerity. It was true. He had always needed her. Plain, dull, and seemingly ineffectual as she was, he needed her quietness and her unassuming strength. Her pale face flushed faintly at his words and she smiled at him with fond pride.

I felt sick, and, as I looked at his tortured face, felt an unwilling spasm of pity for him. If my guesses were accurate, he had probably succumbed to Joy's blatant temptations in a moment of weakness and, from that fatal moment, had become involved in a hopeless tangle from which he had only been able to extricate himself by violence which had, in turn, led to still further violence.

Thinking of those further crimes, my heart hardened again and I was recalled to my own danger as he spoke. "Noel has come to say goodbye, Vera. She will be leaving us shortly." His eyes were fixed on mine and, once again, I was aware of the smooth threat underlying the conventional words. Blissfully unconscious of any undercurrent, and valiantly striving for her habitual politeness, Mrs. Meredith tried to make conversation.

"Yes. You have been transferred, too, haven't you? But you'll be coming back here, won't you? How do you feel about spending the rest of your days in Sutton? We have been happy enough here, but, of course, this move is wonderful for us. I'm so proud to think

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**FIRE IN THE WATER**

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Rugged herring fishermen and their forthright women make a brisk pace in this vigorous novel set in a Scottish village.

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# American fashions

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1953

William has won the recognition he deserves. He has worked so hard for it."

He had indeed! I struggled with mounting hysteria while I tried to maintain the deceptive conversation. As I vainly hunted for a way out of the intolerable situation, my eyes strayed to the door. Mr. Meredith caught my glance and quietly moved so that he stood between me and the doorway. I wondered what was in his mind. He couldn't very well kill me in the Rectory, so he must surely let me go. I put him to the test.

"Mrs. Meredith," I said firmly, "you really aren't well enough to have visitors. I must go." I rose to my feet, but the Rector's hand pressed me back into the chair.

"Now, my dear. We can't let you go yet." He glanced out of the window as he spoke and I realised that, although the light was fading, night had not yet fallen. Evidently he intended to keep me there until it was quite dark and there was less risk of meeting anyone on the road home. I thought of the long, dark road that stretched between me and safety and my panic mounted. I controlled myself firmly. Whatever happened, my life depended on my self-control.

Taking her cue from him, as always, Mrs. Meredith dutifully continued to play hostess, although the effort was obviously exhausting her. The nightmare conversation continued until I felt I must break and run screaming from the room. Mr. Meredith watched me intently. Was this what he waited for? The moment when my nerve broke?

I glared at him defiantly and shrank from the sudden glitter in his eyes. For the first time, I began to doubt his sanity.

The tension was broken by Mrs. Meredith. For some time her voice had been growing fainter and her contribution to the conversation becoming less frequent. Suddenly she abandoned all pretence and a moan forced itself from her pale lips. Startled, we turned to her. She seemed to have forgotten me.

Continuing . . .

## Murder Among Those Present

from page 53

for she turned her eyes imploringly to her husband.

"I'm sorry, William, but I can't bear this pain any longer. My tablets. Tony said I could have more if the pain got too bad. He was going to get the chemist to send down some more. Did they come?"

"Yes. They're still on the hall table."

"Please fetch them, dear. And hurry!"

The speech had exhausted her. She lay back on her pillows and closed her eyes. Her husband looked at her anxiously and then glanced doubtfully at me.

"Let me get them?" I volunteered.

He wasn't going to fall for that. "You stay here!" he ordered briskly. Evidently deciding that I couldn't escape in the short while it would take him to run downstairs and back, he moved to the door.

If I was to escape at all, this was my chance. Slight though it seemed, I had to take it. I thought of the window, but realised that I would only risk a broken leg that way. Slipping off my shoes, I hurried to the door, opened it noiselessly and glanced into the passage way.

A dim light showed me two doors opening on to it on the other side. Swiftly I stole towards the one nearest the stairs, opened it and hid myself in the darkness of the room behind it.

Even as I pushed the door quietly shut, I heard the Rector remounting the stairs. My desperate plan was to wait until he passed me on his way to the bedroom and then make my dash for the front door. I prayed it was not locked, as even a moment's delay would be too long. To my delight, help came from an unexpected quarter. As the man's steps came nearer, a scream suddenly split the air, chilling me to the heart until I recognised it as the cry of a frightened child.

Like a mad thing I sped along the winding path, only to catch my toe on a spreading root and fall headlong. Picking myself up and gasping to regain the breath that had been driven from me, I strained my ears for sounds of pursuit, but could hear nothing. Reassured, I ran on, through the gate and on to the road that stretched white in the moonlight.

Alwyn had wakened from a nightmare, dole, probably, to his experiences earlier in the evening. The unreasoning screams continued, and from his mother's room her faint voice called, trying to reassure him. The Rector muttered impatiently, but he turned towards the child's room and I heard the click of the light switch and his voice speaking soothingly.

I waited no longer. Holding my breath, I crept down the stairs, keeping close to the wall, and praying that they would not creak. I gained the hall undetected and in a matter of seconds was fumbling with the heavy door. It swung open and I breathed more easily as I felt the cool darkness close around me. I pulled the door shut without a sound, paused for only a second to slip on my shoes, and then I was running, running through the night.

**I** SUPPOSE I could have hidden in the darkness of the tangled shrubbery and, perhaps, been safe, but my only thought was to put the greatest possible distance between me and the menace that lay behind. I knew I might have only a few minutes' grace and I had to make the most of them.

Briefly I wondered what Mrs. Meredith had thought of my precipitate departure, but decided she had probably been unaware of it. She had seemed to be almost in a stupor when I left, although her mother-love had roused her sufficiently to answer Alwyn's screams. In any case, I had had no time for politeness.

Like a mad thing I sped along the winding path, only to catch my toe on a spreading root and fall headlong. Picking myself up and gasping to regain the breath that had been driven from me, I strained my ears for sounds of pursuit, but could hear nothing. Reassured, I ran on, through the gate and on to the road that stretched white in the moonlight.

I glanced at the moon, bright and full, and longed for cloud. In the light clothes I wore I would be plainly visible to anyone searching for me.

My frantic footsteps rang noisily on the hard road and I swerved on to the grass that bordered it. I could run no longer and had to content myself with walking as quickly as possible, hugging the shelter of the thick hedge that edged the paddocks on either side. I had often admired the hawthorn and briar hedges that reminded me of picture postcards of England, but now I cursed them and longed for an ugly post-and-rail fence that would have given me easy access to the paddocks beyond.

From time to time I tried to force an opening in the hedge, but each time fell back, scratched and bleeding, and decided to waste no more time. I still could hear no following footsteps and I began to hope that I might be allowed to escape.

The hope died at birth, for I heard a sound behind me: not the footsteps I had been dreading, but the soft, sinister swish of rubber tyres on the road. I had forgotten his bicycle—the bicycle that had enabled him to move swiftly from place to place and which was such a familiar sight that no one in Sutton would notice it.

I *tried* to immobility, shrinking back into the shadows, but I was too late. Almost soundlessly that homely messenger of death swerved across the grass towards me and I had to dodge to avoid being struck. Equally silently the dark-clad form of the rider leapt from the saddle and barred my progress.

We faced each other without speaking; each awaiting the other's move. If I had to die, it was not going to be without a struggle, I determined grimly. I was young and vigorous and I was on guard. This would be very different from the other

killings—an unsuspecting girl and two old folk! At last he spoke, his voice reaching me as though from a great distance.

"I'm really sorry about this, Noel, but you must realise that I can't let you go. I should have killed you before, but I hesitated, wondering whether or not you really knew anything. Now it is quite different."

He might have been reasoning with an obtuse child. His room was quiet and pleasant—almost pleading with me to understand. Again I doubted his sanity.

"Whatever I know, or guess, I have no proof," I countered. "True, but you would talk and that would start inquiries. Even if nothing were ever proved, the merest breath of suspicion would be enough to injure me in my profession and that must not happen. The work of the Lord must go on."

Undoubtedly the man was quite mad. Perhaps I could keep him talking. The longer I delayed him, the greater the chance of someone coming along the road. Remote as that chance was, it was my only hope and it was worth trying.

"Does the work of the Lord include the killing of innocent girls?" I asked sceptically. He wilfully chose to misinterpret me.

"Joy Thomas was no innocent girl," he thundered. "She was a handmaid of the Devil, sent to corrupt me and turn me from my work. I merely sent her back to her master!"

It was the fanciest piece of rationalisation I had heard in years, but no more fantastic than the rest of this incredible nightmare. I wondered whether he really believed in himself. It was quite possible. "And Mr. Devlin?" I asked.

"He was old, and he had lived a good life. He would receive his reward in heaven. Our Lord was waiting to receive him."

Yes. He believed it all right! "What about Miss Withers? She was no saint!"

"Meddlesome old shrew," he said viciously, with a startling reverberation of style. "She would have undone all my work!"

He evidently realised that he was wasting time. He moved purposefully and I dodged, trying to dash past him. I would have more chance of defending myself on the open road. His long arms shot out with incredible speed, and, once again, I felt the clutch of those hard, bony fingers. I made a last effort to delay him.

"You can't hope to get away with this," I panted. "People know I have been at the Rectory tonight. The police are bound to suspect you."

"I think not," he said evenly. "You left the Rectory alive and well. Unfortunately I could not accompany you home, as my wife was so ill. It will be so sad to think that you met Sutton's maniac on the way. I will be most upset! With you gone, there will be no one to suspect me."

"What about Alwyn?"

"I can deal with Alwyn. When we leave here, he will forget all this. He is so young. I can make him forget tonight. It is a pity that I lost my head, but I will repay him. He will soon love and trust me as before."

I doubted it, but I was too busy to argue. Taking him by surprise, I kicked viciously at his shins and felt a momentary satisfaction at his grant of pain. It failed to loosen his grasp of me, however, and I began to struggle in earnest. His hands were fumbling for my throat. Desperately I fought him off: kicking, biting, and scratching; twisting wildly to evade those clutching hands; feeling my strength gradually ebbing.

Strong though I was, I was no match for a man rendered desperate by madness and panic. The cruel fingers found my throat; shifted and tightened remorselessly. I tore at them with frantic hands, trying to lessen the relentless pressure that drove the blood to my head and barred my progress.

"He was old, and he had

lived a good life. He would

receive his reward in heaven.

Our Lord was waiting to receive him."

Yes. He believed it all right!

"What about Miss Withers? She was no saint!"

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## Models brush up their smiles 3 Wisdom ways during conclusive toothbrush test!

We gave beautiful June Dally-Watkins and two of the other lovely girls at her famous Sydney model Agency, three Wisdom toothbrushes each—a Flexi-brush, a nylon bristle Wisdom, a pure bristle Wisdom. The girls tried all the toothbrushes in the famous Wisdom range and told us about the one they liked best.

Read what June and the girls had to say:



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"I'm a Wisdom Flexi-brush fan. Flexi-brush sweeps teeth clean—inside, outside, in between."



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June Dally-Watkins

"Wisdom's pretty gem-cut handles and jewel colors took the girls' fancy straight away. I recommend Wisdom all the time at my Agency because it's the only brand that really safeguards your smile—and a beautiful smile is so important to a model's career. Try the toothbrush test yourself—you'll be a Wisdom fan, too."

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All in the Crystal plastic pack  
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Extra value . . . but still the same low price



# From a Tin of Soup...

The good housewife will keep a stock of tinned soups on her pantry shelves to add flavor and nourishment to basic dishes and make them more attractive.

TINNED soups save work and time. A tin of vegetable soup, for instance, provides a quick way of adding vegetables to a casserole or stew; tomato soup is a good foundation for a savory sauce, and mushroom soup is just right for any a la king dish.

Tinned soups can be used in concentrated form or they can be diluted with water or milk.

All spoon measurements are level.

## MUSHROOM TUNA CASSEROLE

One tin mushroom soup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk (also called unsweetened condensed milk),  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup fresh milk, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  tablespoons flour, 1 medium-sized tin tuna or any other fish, squeeze lemon juice, 1 cup cooked green peas, 1 cup crushed potato crisps, red pepper, parsley.

Mix soup, evaporated milk, and fresh milk. Melt butter or substitute, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes without browning. Stir in soup and milks. Continue stirring until boiling, add flaked fish, lemon juice, peas, and potato crisps. Fill into ramekin dishes, reheat in moderate oven. Garnish with red pepper and parsley. Add a border of crushed potato crisps if desired.

## MUSHROOM SCALLOPED POTATOES

Potatoes, onions, flour, salt, cayenne pepper, melted shortening,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup concentrated mushroom soup.

Peel potatoes and onions, slice thinly. Arrange in alternate layers in greased ovenware dish, sprinkling each layer lightly with flour, salt, and cayenne pepper. Drizzle with melted shortening. Add sufficient concentrated mushroom soup to nearly cover potatoes. Bake in moderate oven 1 hour or until browned.

## HAM AND CHICKEN CROQUETTES WITH MUSHROOM SAUCE

Two cups flaked cooked chicken or rabbit meat, 2oz. chopped ham, 1 cup thick white sauce, 1 tablespoon grated onion, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, flour, pepper and salt, egg-glazing, soft white bread-crums.

Mix chicken or rabbit meat, ham, sauce, onion, and parsley. Spread in flat plate to cool. Shape a tablespoon at a time into pyramid croquettes. Coat lightly with flour, pepper and salt, dip in egg-glazing. Coat with crumbs, pressing crumbs on lightly with flexible knife blade. Deep fry golden brown in hot oil or fuming fat. Serve with mushroom sauce, garnish with parsley.

**Mushroom Sauce:** Sauté 2oz. chopped peeled mushrooms in a small quantity of butter or substitute. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup diluted mushroom soup (mixed according to directions



on tin). Thicken with blended flour, serve hot.

## RABBIT AND CELERY CASSEROLE

One rabbit, 2 or 3 bacon rashers,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  cups soft breadcrumbs, 1 small onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper to taste, 2 cups celery soup prepared with milk according to directions on tin.

Soak rabbit  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour in salted water. Cut into joints. Simmer until barely tender in boiling salted water. Drain, wrap each joint in a piece of bacon, first removing rind. Grease an ovenware dish, sprinkle lightly with some of the breadcrumbs. Pack rabbit in, sprinkle with balance of breadcrumbs, chopped onion, and parsley, salt and pepper to taste. Pour in celery soup. Cover and bake in moderate oven  $\frac{3}{4}$  to 1 hour.

Peel and slice onion, cook in melted butter or substitute until soft but not browned. Add minced steak, cook until browned lightly. Stir in macaroni and tomato soup, chopped parsley.

VEAL AND VEGETABLE BAKE

One tablespoon butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup chopped onion,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  lb. to 2lb. veal chops,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup tomato juice or puree, 1 cup prepared vegetable soup, 3 teaspoons flour blended smoothly with  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water and a little gravy browning, salt and pepper to taste, chopped parsley.

Sauté chopped onion in melted butter or substitute, add chops and allow to brown lightly on both sides. Remove chops and place in casserole. Add tomato juice or puree to pan, then soup, blended flour and gravy browning. Stir until boiling.

simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Season with salt and pepper, pour over chops. Cover and bake in moderate oven until chops are quite tender. Sprinkle thickly with chopped parsley before serving.

## BEEF AND MACARONI CASSEROLE

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1lb. minced steak, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 medium tin concentrated tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup concentrated mushroom soup.

One tablespoon butter or substitute, 1 small onion, 1lb. minced steak, 2 cups cooked macaroni, 1 medium tin concentrated tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup concentrated mushroom soup.

## By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

flour,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup concentrated asparagus soup, 2 or 3 quartered or coarsely chopped hard-boiled eggs.

Wash and dry fish, rub with cut lemon, cover with cold water, bring slowly to boil, drain. Cut into service-size pieces, dip in milk, coat with crushed biscuit crumbs. Place in greased ovenware dish, drizzle melted shortening over until well moistened. Bake in hot oven 10 to 15 minutes or until flesh is soft and flaky. Melt one dessertspoon butter, add flour, cook 2 or 3 minutes. Stir in milk and soup, continue stirring until boiling. Fold in eggs, serve with the hot fish.

## OVEN-POACHED EGGS IN TOMATO SOUP

One tablespoon butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup finely chopped onion, 6 eggs, salt, pepper, 1 cup concentrated tomato soup, chopped parsley, toast fingers.

Melt butter or substitute, add onion. Cook over medium heat 3 or 4 minutes until soft and yellow but not browned. Divide between 6 individual ramekin dishes. Break an egg into each, dust lightly with salt and pepper. Spoon tomato soup over each one. Bake in moderate oven until eggs are set. Sprinkle with chopped parsley before serving with toast fingers.

## SAUSAGE AND RICE CASSEROLE

One pound sausages, small quantity shortening, 1 dessertspoon grated

TINNED MUSHROOM SOUP adds flavor to the dishes illustrated above. Dishes included are mushroom tuna casserole, mushroom scalloped potatoes, and ham and chicken croquettes with mushroom sauce.

or scraped onion, 1 large grated carrot, 3 cups cooked rice, 1 medium tin tomato soup, salt and pepper to taste,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup cooked peas.

Skin sausages (or use sausage mince), brown in small quantity hot shortening, stirring constantly to keep separated. When browned stir in onion, carrot, rice, and tomato soup. Season to taste with salt and pepper. Fold in cooked peas. Turn into greased casserole, bake  $\frac{1}{2}$  to 1 hour in moderate oven. Serve hot.

## SHRIMP CREOLE

Quarter cup finely chopped celery, 1 medium-sized onion, 3 dessertspoons melted butter or substitute,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup concentrated tomato soup,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. shelled prawns, lemon juice to taste, 2 cups cooked rice, salt, cayenne pepper.

Cook chopped celery and peeled chopped onion in melted butter or substitute until quite soft. Stir in water and soup, simmer 10 to 15 minutes. Add prawns (chopped in halves if large), season to taste with lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper. Pour over hot rice, serve at once.



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Even a single egg is a meal in itself... rich in every food element the human body needs! More economical, too, because there is not a single particle of waste!

► Such cooking economy!

Eggs can be cooked so quickly and easily... and served in so many delicious ways! Try them boiled, fried, poached, scrambled... as an egg nog... and in every cooking recipe!

# EGGS

TO PROLONG FRESHNESS  
STORE IN A COOL PLACE



AUTHORISED BY THE  
EGG PRODUCERS COUNCIL

## ONLY EGGS CONTAIN

Protein: Twice as rich as any other food, including lean, red meat.

Vitamins: Contain Vitamins A, B, D, E, F, G, H and K, as found in vegetables, milk products, wheat germ and yeast.

Minerals: All the essential minerals, including blood-enriching iron, as contained in fresh fruits and whole grains.

## Cold sweet wins £5

This week's winners:

- Charlotte chantilly
- Scalloped oysters
- Veal casserole with green dumplings
- Seven-fruit jam

AN attractive easy-to-make cold sweet, which has a rich creamy custard in a shell of jellied sponge fingers, tops this week's list of prizewinners.

Solve the consolation prize-winning jam recipe until the grape season, as it requires two pounds of grapes. This delicious jam has an unusual, tantalising flavor, the result of combining small quantities of seven different fruits.

Other recipes for scalloped oysters and veal casserole with green dumplings are worthy prize-winners.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### CHARLOTTE CHANTILLY

One pint red jelly, sliced bananas, stale sponge or cake fingers, 3 tablespoons sherry, 1 tin evaporated milk made up to 1 pint with fresh milk, 1 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoon gelatine softened in 2 tablespoons water, vanilla essence, cream.

Set a little jelly in wetted mould. Add sliced bananas, barely cover with jelly, allow to set. Line mould with sponge fingers dipped in sherry. Place a smaller mould in centre, weight down. Fill large mould with balance of jelly, set. Stir milk, sugar, and beaten eggs over boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Cool, add gelatine. Flavor with sherry or vanilla. Fill small mould with warm water, lift carefully out. Fill cavity with cold custard. Chill. Unmould, serve with cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. W. G. Fredericks, Mary St., Malanda, N. Queensland.

### SCALLOPED OYSTERS

Two dozen oysters, 2 cups crushed savory biscuit crumbs, 1 cup melted butter or substitute, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1/2 cup oyster liquid, 2 tablespoons cream, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, dash cayenne pepper, 2 tablespoons sherry.

Drain oysters, reserving 1/2 cup liquid. Combine biscuit crumbs and butter or substitute. Use one-third to cover base of one large or 5 small greased ovenproof dishes. Add a layer of oysters, using half the oysters. Combine remain-



FOR A "SPECIAL" DINNER here are a tasty oyster entrée and a luscious sweet. The prizewinning veal casserole with dumplings would make a good main dish. See recipes.

ing ingredients, spoon half over oysters. Cover with layer of biscuit crumbs, remaining oysters, then balance of liquid. Top with remaining crumbs, dot with extra shortening. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes. Serve hot.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. T. D. Kenny, Murton Ave., Holland Park, Brisbane.

### VEAL CASSEROLE WITH GREEN DUMPLINGS

One and a half pounds veal steak, 1/4 tablespoons flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons fat, 1 cup water, 1 bay leaf, 6 peppercorns, 3 cloves, 6 small white onions.

Green Dumplings: One cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1/2 teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon melted butter or substitute, 1 egg, 1/2 cup self-raising flour, 1/2 cup breadcrumbs.

Wash fruit, cut into chunky pieces without removing skin. Boil gently until quite tender. Rub through coarse strainer. Measure and add 1 cup sugar to each cup of fruit pulp. Add lemon juice, bring quickly to boiling point. Boil steadily until mixture jells when tested. Bottle hot, seal when cold.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. P. Hutchinson, Freemans Reach, via Windsor, N.S.W.

## Kitchen Notions

EQUAL amounts of chopped raisins and nuts moistened with orange juice make a delicious and nutritious sandwich filling.

WHEN cooking peas or beans, for a change try the addition of one or two bacon rinds.

VARY your most popular chocolate cake recipe by adding half teaspoon cinnamon and 1 dessertspoon rum to a mixture containing 8oz. flour. Flavor the icing with rum, too.

A DESSERTSPOON or more of peanut butter added to warm icing gives an unusual nutty flavor—try it on plain cakes, coffee, orange, or caraway-seed cakes.

IF a junket refuses to set, do not discard it. Keep in the refrigerator or ice-chest, and when making scones in the next day or two use it to mix them in place of milk.



## A Slide for the Kids

All kiddies love a slippery-slide . . . Build it out-of-doors with a sturdy hardwood frame. No fear of splinters from Masonite's satin-smooth surface!



## Door linings for the 'Bomb'

When the door linings on the old car begin to go, replace them with shaped Masonite panels. Easy—and smart!

## Things

will be looking meatier, brighter, newer around your place when you start building and renovating with versatile Masonite! Masonite's smooth, hard-wearing surface—painted, or used in its natural colour—forms an admirable finish. Start your man-about-the-house thinking in terms of Masonite . . . tell him the only tools he'll need are a hammer and a saw, because Masonite is so easy to use. Masonite is economical, too; those big 12' x 4' sheets go a long way, as the illustrations show. These are just a few ideas of what you can do with a sheet of TEMPERED Preswood.



It's wonderful what you can do

with **ONE** sheet of Masonite!

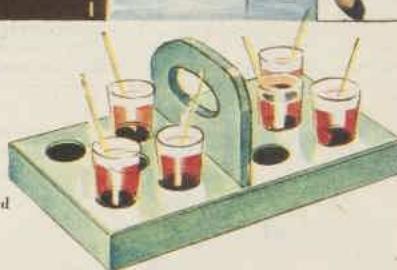


## Under Tub Cupboards

A light wooden framework plus some Masonite—and that waste space in the laundry is converted into a storage cupboard for soaps, starch, buckets, etc.

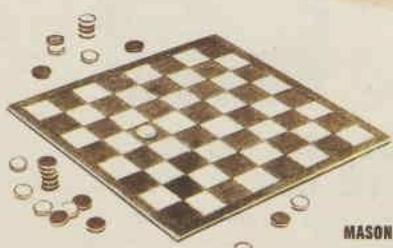
## D Swedish Table

Make this modern, decorative coffee table for your lounge. The smooth Masonite top can be polished or lacquered to perfection.



## Drink Tray

. . . A convenient and attractive means of serving drinks to your guests. You'll find it's easily made from Masonite.



## Draught Board

What better than a game of draughts in the evening? Use the leftover piece from the Masonite sheet to make the board . . . Paint alternate squares white, leaving the others in natural Masonite.



MASONITE CORPORATION (AUSTRALIA) LIMITED  
PRINCIPAL SALES OFFICE: 533 Collins Street, Melbourne

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369 Pitt Street, Sydney  
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# INSIST ON Air-wick to kill unpleasant indoor smells

—because only Air-wick contains 125 compounds as used by nature to kill smells—plus miracle-working, air-freshening CHLOROPHYLL



Air-wick kills stale tobacco smells before they have time to settle on curtains and upholstery. Open Air-wick whenever smokers light up. Always before a party starts.



Air-wick kills offensive paint smells. Place Air-wick high in the room when you start painting. You'll get none of those persistent "painting" smells. It's a miracle smell-killer.



Air-wick—in sick rooms! Even in the serious cases of illness Air-wick keeps air beautifully fresh. When you change baby's nappies—that's another time for Air-wick.

The first time you use Air-wick you'll know it works. Try it out on boiling cabbage. Isn't that the toughest smell-killing test of all? We give you a money-back guarantee that once you start using Air-wick there need never be an unpleasant smell in your home. HERE'S HOW AIR-WICK WORKS ITS MAGIC. It's nature's miracle. Just place the Air-wick bottle above the smell and pull up the wick. As Air-wick evaporates it descends for the vapor is heavier than air.

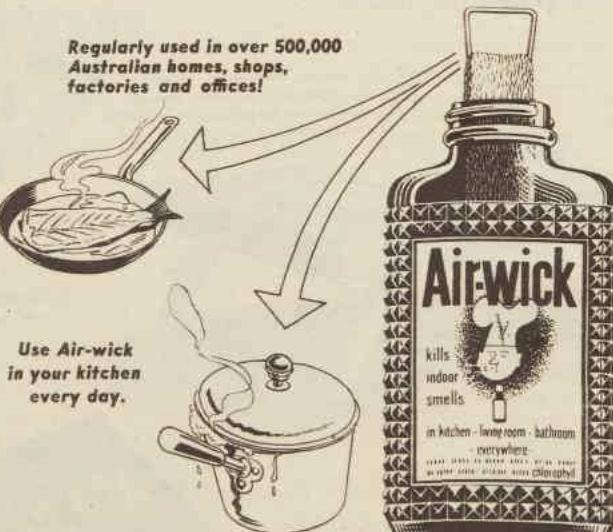
The compounds in Air-wick meet the smells as they rise and

"pair" with them. Neutralising them! Killing them utterly.

Air-wick is the only air-freshener that uses all of these compounds. The only air-freshener that uses miracle working chlorophyll. Everything in Air-wick is safe because when you use it you're breathing in the freshness of your garden. No danger of harming delicate membranes of nose or throat.

For that reason you must insist on Air-wick. Only Air-wick works in this unique way to kill unpleasant household smells utterly.

Regularly used in over 500,000 Australian homes, shops, factories and offices!



Use Air-wick in your kitchen every day.

**COSTS LESS THAN ONE PENNY  
PER DAY TO USE**

On sale at all chemists, grocers, hardware and general stores.  
HORLICKS PTY. LTD.

Continuing . . .

## Murder Among Those Present *from page 55*

and threatened my breathing. The thought of my dear love came to me with unbearable longing.

"I want to know now," I insisted stubbornly.

"Later! I have work to do. Matron will have some food sent in to you. You eat that and then have a nice long sleep. I'll come in again this afternoon and, if I'm satisfied with you, I'll answer all your questions then."

"Pig!" I said rudely, but I had already learnt that there was no arguing with Tony when he chose to turn professional. Meekly I obeyed instructions, finding the food more interesting than I had expected, despite the soreness of my throat. Equally meekly I swallowed the small, white tablets that the cheerful little nurse handed me and lay back on the pillow, feeling quite certain that I couldn't possibly sleep. I slept almost immediately.

"Tony!" cried my heart, and a voice echoed it. "Tony! Tony!" it mocked shrilly, faint and far away. "Tony!" it repeated, nearer now, and oddly familiar. "Tony!" called the voice again, and, with a shock, I recognised it as my own.

Dazed, I opened my eyes, shut them quickly as pain shot through me, and then tentatively opened them again. My first impression was of light, blessed light that eddied around me and fell warmly across my face. Cautiously I let my eyes move, not yet thinking clearly, but simply absorbing impressions.

I lay in a narrow, white bed and I studied with interest its rigid, clinical neatness. It told me not a thing. Although even the slightest move hurt I continued the cautious scrutiny of my surroundings. The room was quite unfamiliar to me—a pleasant room certainly, but oddly impersonal, and I wondered, vaguely and without much concern, just where I was, and why.

"If this is heaven," I thought pettishly, "it has been grossly overrated."

Brisk footsteps sounded close to me and a white-robed figure moved into my range of vision.

"You're no angel!" I assured the beaming, round, good-natured face that bent over me.

"Don't be pert!" said Matron Harley, giving my hand a gentle slap. "Did I hear you calling?"

"Did you? I don't know. Perhaps I called. Yes. Yes. I did. I called Tony."

"He's not far away. I'll fetch him."

She left without giving me a chance to voice the questions that were beginning to clamor for utterance, and, in a few minutes, the tall, well-loved figure stood by my side. I greeted his appearance with a shriek of unkind mirth.

"Tony, darling! That shiner! Did you walk into a lamp-post?"

His good eye glared at me. "Don't be so smug. Have you had a look at yourself? You wouldn't win any beauty competitions at the moment. Matron, give her a mirror."

Horrified, I gazed at the face that met me as I lifted the looking-glass.

"Tony!" I gasped. "What on earth—" Memory suddenly shook me and, with a gasp, I dropped the mirror onto the bed and began to shiver violently.

"Steady, my dear. Steady! It's all over." Strong arms held me, gently but firmly. Whimpering, I pressed my face against the stiff, white coat, and clung to him until the shuddering ceased.

"I'm all right now," I murmured at last, ashamed of my weakness. "What has happened, Tony? How did I get here?"

"Save the questions till later, sweetheart. I'll tell you the

"whole story when you are stronger."

"I want to know now," I insisted stubbornly.

"Later! I have work to do. Matron will have some food sent in to you. You eat that and then have a nice long sleep. I'll come in again this afternoon and, if I'm satisfied with you, I'll answer all your questions then."

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I woke with a sense of well-being. The late afternoon sun still lingered in my room and gleamed on a huge bowl of roses that were filling the room with their fragrance. I turned my head to admire them more comfortably and became aware of a long figure stretched in a chair beside the bed.

I studied him in silence for a moment, letting my eyes dwell with aching tenderness on the dark hair that tumbled across his forehead, on the tired lines of his face, and on the poor swollen eyelid. For a moment it was enough just to be alive and savor the joy of his presence. Then the questions began again, urgent and compelling, and I knew peace had fled.

"Tony!" I said urgently. He opened his eyes and sat up at once.

"All right. All right," he said amiably. He seated himself on the bed, in blatant defiance of Matron, and, taking my hand, began to play with my fingers, flexing them absent-mindedly as he searched for words.

"Start at the beginning," I suggested helpfully. "How did I get here? The last thing I remember was struggling on the road. I thought I was dying."

"You very nearly did. I only just got to you in time."

"You? How did you get there?"

"I wasn't happy about Mrs. Meredith's condition, and after I finished in the surgery I decided to run down and see how she was. Thank heaven I did! When I saw you two struggling on the road—"

His voice choked and I had to prompt him to go on.

"As soon as he realised that he had been seen, he dropped you and tried to get away. He wasn't quick enough!" The grimness of his tone told me more than his words. I could imagine only too vividly the ugly battle that had been fought out on the lonely road.

"He might have killed you," I whispered, remembering the appalling strength of those vicious hands.

"Not a hope," said Tony tersely. "I am younger and stronger than he. Besides," he added, after a slight pause, "I'm afraid I saw red for a time. I didn't know whether you were alive or dead." Memory of those dreadful minutes silenced him again.

"Go on," I prompted. "What happened next?"

"I managed to knock him cold. Fortunately I had some old rope in the boot of the

To page 61

car, so I trussed him up securely and attended to you. I knew I had to get you to hospital quickly, so I left him on the side of the road and rang the police from here. They went out and brought him in."

"Where is he now?"

"In the gaol in Hobart. I believe he is actually in the prison hospital."

"Did you injure him so badly?"

"No, but he went to pieces when he realised the game was up. He was raving when he left here and I'll be surprised if he ever regains his sanity."

"He must have been mad all the time."

"As sane as any murderer, I think, until recently, but he certainly went over the edge at last."

"Poor Mrs. Meredith!" I exclaimed. "She was so proud of him. However will she bear it?"

"She won't have to, darling," said Tony gently. "I phoned Dad to go to her that evening. By the time he got to her, she

## Continuing . . . Murder Among Those Present

from page 60

was in a coma, and, although we did all we could, she died without regaining consciousness. You mustn't grieve for her. Just be glad that she escaped from intolerable heartache."

I lay silent, thinking of all the tragedy that had stemmed from the wantonness of one slip of a girl. Then another thought attacked me. "Alwyn!" I cried, in swift distress. "Whatever will become of him, Tony?"

"Aunt Bea has taken him under her wing until Mrs. Meredith's sister gets here. She is flying down from New South Wales. Here! Noel, darling! You mustn't upset yourself like this! We are doing all we can for him."

I was crying now, frankly and unashamedly. "Poor baby," I sobbed. "His whole world is in ruins."

"It will be rebuilt," said Tony confidently, but I could not accept his assurance. The thought

of that forlorn little boy haunted me for the rest of the afternoon.

I felt a little happier that evening when Tony reported that Mrs. Meredith's sister had arrived and had already earned Aunt Bea's unqualified approval. She was a brisker, more worldly edition of her sister and Alwyn had warmed to her at once. She had decided to take him home with her to be brought up with her own tumultuous brood.

"We have a large place," she had declared cheerfully, "and another one won't make any difference. There's plenty of everything there — including love. The children will be delighted to have a new playmate and we'll soon have him happy again."

"So you see, you needn't worry any more," said Tony, as he prepared to leave. "Have a good night's rest. I'll have to let Sergeant Blackwood see you tomorrow. I can't stall him off any longer. After you've seen him and told him your story, you must concentrate on getting well. Your first job is to write out your resignation. We're getting married as soon as school closes."

My jaw dropped inelegantly. "But Tony —"

"I'm not listening to any more arguments!" He bent and gently kissed the livid bruises that still disfigured my throat. "I so nearly lost you," he murmured thickly. "Do you think I'll let you out of my sight again?"

I went to sleep in a haze of selfish happiness.

Morning brought Sergeant Blackwood, awakened and a little uncomfortable, and Inspector Truegood, saturnine as usual.

"I'm sorry about this, Miss Vicary," said the sergeant miserably. "We should have taken better care of you."

"You couldn't have anticipated what happened," I soothed him. "I suppose it was a terrific shock to you when you realised who the murderer was?"

"Not altogether. We had our suspicions of him. He was on the spot on so many occasions and there was a record of a phone call from Devin's home to his on the night the old chap was killed. He accounted for it quite plausibly when we questioned him about it and we had to take his word."

After Miss Withers died, my suspicions were strengthened, but we hadn't an atom of proof.

We just had to wait until he made another move. I'm only sorry you had to run such a risk."

"Do you think you could give me a statement now? We got one from him, of course, but it won't be much good as evidence. He wasn't sane when he made it. A queer jumble it was, too — a mixture of defiance and egotism and Hallelujahs."

"I wonder why he tried to

"Immediately after the social. He picked up the envelope off Mr. Marsh's desk. He stole the poison when he first decided to get rid of Joy Thomas, but had no opportunity to use it. Then he thought of the simpler method. He lured her to the river by promising to pay her the money she asked."

"I wonder if he killed Mr. Devin merely to prevent him making out that list. After all, even if his name had been on it, it would not have meant much. He was often in the dispensary."

"I think there was more to it than that. The old chap had some cause to be suspicious of him, but he couldn't bear to suspect his Rector. He rang him and asked him to come and see him, to give him a chance to explain. I gathered from Meredith's ravings that he gave the poor old fellow some cock and bull explanation which he was only too glad to accept. Then, having soothed him down, he killed him while he was off guard, before his suspicions could revive."

"And, of course, he overheard Miss Withers talking to me. He must have thought that over during the day and dashed straight off to deal with her after the evening service. It's really too awful to think about!"

"He was a thoroughly nasty piece of work," agreed the inspector. "You are a lucky girl to be alive, Miss Vicary."

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"I wonder why he tried to

"Not altogether. We had our suspicions of him. He was on the spot on so many occasions and there was a record of a phone call from Devin's home to his on the night the old chap was killed. He accounted for it quite plausibly when we questioned him about it and we had to take his word."

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After Miss Withers died,

IT'S *EASY* TO PLAN



IT'S *SO EASY*

WHEN YOU HAVE

# Swift

LUNCHEON BEEF, ZEM, OR  
PLATE BRAND CORNED BEEF



+ 8 Hot Meals

- IRISH STEW,
- MEAT BALLS,
- LAMB AND PEAS,
- CASSEROLE STEAK,
- STEAK AND KIDNEY PUDDING,
- BEEF AND VEGETABLES,
- BRAISED STEAK WITH ONIONS,
- CORNED BEEF WITH DICED POTATOES.



Grocer Sam says:

**Swift** FOOD PRODUCTS ARE *ALWAYS* GOOD

Swift Australian Company (Pty) Limited.  
Nationwide manufacturers and distributors of famous food products.

SW16/HPC

## Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian  
servant, learn of the plight of  
PRINCESS NARDA after they  
are kidnapped and taken to  
the planet Venus. When no  
one believes her story, Narda  
is tried and found guilty of

their murder. Cold germs, introduced to the planet by  
Lothar, prove deadly to the  
Venusians, and to save themselves from extinction they  
send Mandrake and Lothar  
back to earth in time to save  
Narda from execution.

NOW READ ON:



TO BE CONTINUED

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 16, 1951



New Cream Deodorant  
**SAFELY STOPS  
PERSPIRATION  
1 to 3 DAYS**

Don't discover winter perspiration odor too late.

Even a daily shower isn't the answer to freedom from underarm odor. It can't stop the perspiration which causes the embarrassing odor. And your perspiration in winter as well as in summer. Heavy clothing, activity— even your emotions—all cause perspiration. So don't be half-safe—use Arrid. Used daily, Arrid protects two ways:

1. It stops perspiration...safely, effectively...for 1 to 3 days.
2. It stops underarm odor on contact, keeps you bath-fresh up to 48 hours.

Arid saves clothes from perspiration stains, rotting and clinging odors. It is safe for skin, keeps you safe from embarrassment, too.

Buy a jar of the new cream deodorant—Arid.



Permanently destroys **FACIAL HAIRS**



"VANIX" treatment kills the roots of unsightly hair by a devastating process. The hair soon becomes less noticeable, then gradually withers and dies. "Vanix" kills without injuring the skin. It is only 7½ oz. a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Smith Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney and Newcastle. Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Bundo St., Adelaide; and Beans Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders (5s including postage) from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

**Blemishes**

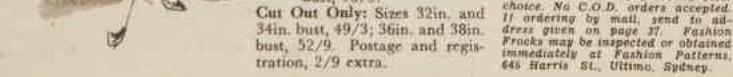
A soap as pure and gentle as Cuticura helps to clear away pimples and blemishes and gives you the smooth beauty of a lovely skin. Fragrant, soothing and of a copious creamy lather, the deep down cleansing of mildly medicated Cuticura Soap will safeguard your natural loveliness. Buy a tablet today.

**Cuticura  
SOAP**

LOOK FOR THESE SYMPTOMS OF  
**WORMS**

Itchy nose, irritability, torred tongue, loss of appetite, disagreeable breath, grinding teeth, bowel disorders, disturbed sleep. Destroy worms by taking

**Comstock's Worm Pellets**



**SOLVE YOUR  
LIGHTING PROBLEMS  
with MAZDA  
LAMPS  
THEY STAY  
BRIGHTER LONGER!**

AUSTRALIAN  
GENERAL ELECTRIC

REPRESENTATIVE IN AUSTRALIA FOR THE BRITISH THOMSON-HOUSTON COMPANY LTD., ENGLAND

OD-32



Fit as can be, and never a day's illness! Mother knows that much of the credit is due to Scott's Emulsion, which contains vital elements necessary to health, strength and resistance to coughs and colds.

**CONTAINS NATURAL VITAMINS**

Pure cod liver oil, natural vitamins A and D, and tonic hypophosphites. Youngsters like Scott's Emulsion. It tastes good and easily digests. Keep your whole family fit and free from winter's ills with Scott's Emulsion. Get a bottle to-day.

**SCOTT'S  
Emulsion**

NATURE'S OWN FOOD TONIC

Give your hair LIFE!  
Bring back all its softness and sheen with



It protects hair cells, prevents dryness. Available at chemists, hairdressers, and stores.

**EACH BRIGHT RIVER**

By Mildred Masterson McNeilly

Kitty Gatewood from Carolina finds danger, hardship, success and a new love in wild surroundings in Oregon.

15/- From all Booksellers.

# Your Favourite Laxative

NOW IN TWO FORMS

Today, more than ever, NYAL FIGSEN is the ideal family laxative. FIGSEN now comes in two forms — Figsen Regular (Australia's favourite family laxative), and Figsen Double Strength for those who prefer a slightly more positive laxative action. Figsen Regular, packed in a tin, is equally suitable for children or adults. It is mild, pleasant-tasting and gentle-acting.

NYAL Figsen Double Strength is specially formulated for adults. Like Figsen Regular it acts promptly, but gently, without pain or griping, to restore normal bowel action. The formula of this natural-acting laxative is plainly printed on the package — that's why your chemist can recommend NYAL FIGSEN with confidence.

## NYAL FIGSEN

REGULAR 2/3 • DOUBLE STRENGTH 3/6



**NYAL MILK OF MAGNESIA**  
A teaspoonful of dependable NYAL Milk of Magnesia after each feeding prevents "wind" pains and acidity in infants. Its gentle laxative action ensures regular habits. The name "NYAL" is your guarantee that the Milk of Magnesia you buy is the finest quality obtainable. NYAL Milk of Magnesia is smooth, even and pleasant to take. Sweetened and Regular. Two sizes:—6 oz., 2/6; 12 oz., 4/3.



**NYAL BRONCHITIS MIXTURE**  
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture is a proven, effective, dependable medicine which acts three ways in "breaking" stubborn coughs. The medication penetrates into congested bronchial tubes—cuts phlegm, making breathing easier... soothes inflamed membranes of the throat and chest... brings soothing relief from irritating coughing. Two sizes:—3/9, 6/-; 15 oz., 11/-.



**NYAL VITAMIN & MINERAL TONIC**  
If you feel run down or nervous, the chances are you need a good tonic. NYAL Vitamin & Mineral Tonic is a palatable general tonic valuable for all nervous and anaemic conditions. It is a balanced formula of B Complex Vitamins and essential minerals. Builds strength, improves appetite. 8 oz., 6/-; 16 oz., 11/-.



**NYAL DECONGESTANT EYE DROPS**  
Contain a remarkable new decongestant known as Phenylephrine. NYAL Decongestant Eye Drops are soothing to sore, inflamed or aching eyes, and rapidly clear bloodshot eyes. Relieve burning, itching and smarting of conjunctivitis and granulated lids. The drops spread evenly, will not blink out of the eyes. Packed in special handy dropper. 4, 9.



### NYAL ANTACID POWDER

An effective treatment which brings quick relief from the pain and discomfort of indigestion, acid stomach, flatulence and heartburn. NYAL Antacid Powder contains seven active ingredients which are designed to help digest starchy foods, to neutralise acids and to afford soothing protection to irritated mucous membranes of the stomach. 3/6.

### NYAL BABY POWDER

Here's a beautifully fine powder, designed to bring soothing, cooling comfort for baby's super-sensitive skin. NYAL Baby Powder contains an ingredient which actually resists moisture and thereby lessens the chance of wet nappies chafing baby's tender skin. Delicately perfumed. Two sizes:—Regular, 2/3; Economy, 4/6.

### NYAL CREEPHOS

After the weakening effects of coughs and "flu", you need a good tonic to rebuild strength and energy. NYAL Creophos is a reliable restorative tonic, containing nine body-building ingredients. Apart from its tonic properties, NYAL Creophos helps to clear up stubborn coughs that so often follow "flu". Three sizes:—1/9, 6/-; 3/6, 7/6.

Sold only by Chemists

NYAL

NYAL Sunburn Cream	3/-
NYAL Worm Syrup (with Santonin)	3/9
NYAL Huskeys	1/9, 2/6
NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets	2/-, 2/9
NYAL Baby Soap	1/1

NYAL Cold Sore Lotion	2/3
NYAL Corn Remover	2/3
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir	3/6
NYAL Esterin	3/6
NYAL Decongestant Nasal Drops	4/-

NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets	2/-, 3/3
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream	2/3
NYAL Children's Cough Mixture	2/9, 3/9
NYAL Cold Sore Cream	2/3